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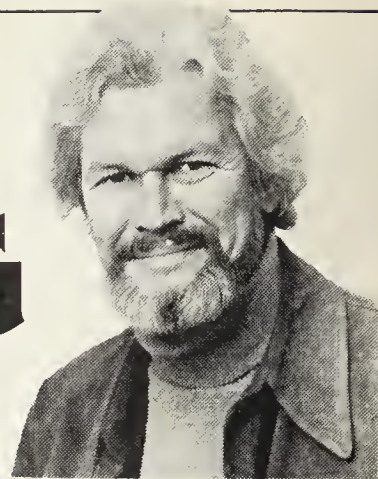
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UNDERSTANDING MEDIA



To suggest that Marshall McLuhan is a prophet not without honour save in his own land is absurd: few men have achieved such recognition both at home and abroad. To suggest — as widely reported in the press during the last weeks of March—that the University of Toronto was on the verge of simultaneously firing, evicting and otherwise dishonouring the man is mischievous and wrong. And to say, as stated in a stiffly worded *Varsity* editorial, that “*we will not be silent witnesses to the extinction of this extraordinary man’s work*” is preposterous: ideas and insights which have electrified and educated an entire civilization are not so easily extinguished.

Professor McLuhan has received honours from his own University as well as acclaim from his colleagues. He was, at our Sesquicentennial Convocation, awarded an honorary degree. His work has been sustained by the establishment in 1963 of the Centre for Culture and Technology and its continuance to the present solely for his work and for his collaborations with colleagues from this campus and from his global community. Nor is that the end of it. President James Ham referred to the professor’s genius in a March 19 statement citing him as “one of the truly great and irreplaceable scholars of the University.”

Professor McLuhan reached his 65th birthday in July 1976, but chose to remain at his post and was reappointed each year for three years according to University practice. He was, late last summer, discussing his retirement, planned for the end of the current academic year. A good part of these discussions focused on the continuation of his work in the converted coach house that housed the Centre for Culture and Technology.

In late September, Professor McLuhan suffered a stroke from which he is now recovering but which left his speech impaired and his ability to continue in question. In February, the School of Graduate Studies, following standard procedure and as a natural consequence of Professor McLuhan’s planned formal retirement in June 1980, announced the establishment of a decanal committee to review the Centre and make recommendations on its future. The graduate school regularly monitors the centres and institutes that fall under its jurisdiction. However, the press, with which McLuhan has long had a strong affinity, reacted with anguish which quickly segued into anger and outrage.

The press does not thrive on understatement or quiet reasoning but on controversy and the University became the villain, although there were oases of sanity along the way. The *Toronto Star* recognized in a lead editorial that “McLuhan himself is quite literally the Centre”.

Others echoed this sentiment that McLuhan had become the Centre, and the Centre McLuhan, at least in recent years. Thus the controversy was fuelled by the concern and

warmth felt for the man, but focused on preserving the Centre in the hope that somehow the work would go on without him.

Formal retirement from academic life does not mean intellectual idleness or neglect. President Ham, in his statement in March said: “It is part of the greatness of the University of Toronto that persons of the stature of Harold Innis and Marshall McLuhan emerge within the academic city of the University. The tradition of pioneering studies in culture and communications established by Innis and McLuhan is one that calls for like genius to sustain.

“We all hope and pray for Marshall McLuhan’s personal recovery to continued years of fruitful scholarship unencumbered by formal teaching duties and administrative responsibilities,” the President continued, “but with essential personal support that will assuredly be forthcoming from all of us who have been influenced by his genius.”

A University colleague of McLuhan’s, writing to a former student, felt that “it would be a real disservice to Professor McLuhan to continue a Centre which can do little but decline without him. Very few people seem to realize that there is only one Marshall McLuhan; no one has appeared who can replace him.” He continued:

“The University has been charged with insensitivity, disregard for its former scholars, contempt for its human resources, callousness for those who have brought it distinction. No one of these, in my mind, is true in this case.”

At time of writing, Professor McLuhan is unable to communicate in connected speech or in writing, but is otherwise reasonably fit. Should he recover sufficiently to return to his work, the University will welcome him with gladness and with whatever support he requires. In any event, as the President declared in his statement: “The University intends that Marshall McLuhan be honoured as befits his singular stature as a scholar and world citizen.”



Let no one be misled or dismayed by our cover story on the whereabouts and current activities of yesterday’s radicals: dissent is alive and well on campus. We’ve had our annual sit-in of President Ham’s Simcoe Hall office as well as respectable demonstrations at Queen’s Park. This year’s issue: tuition fees!

Editor.

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13

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1985 Individual Income Tax Return

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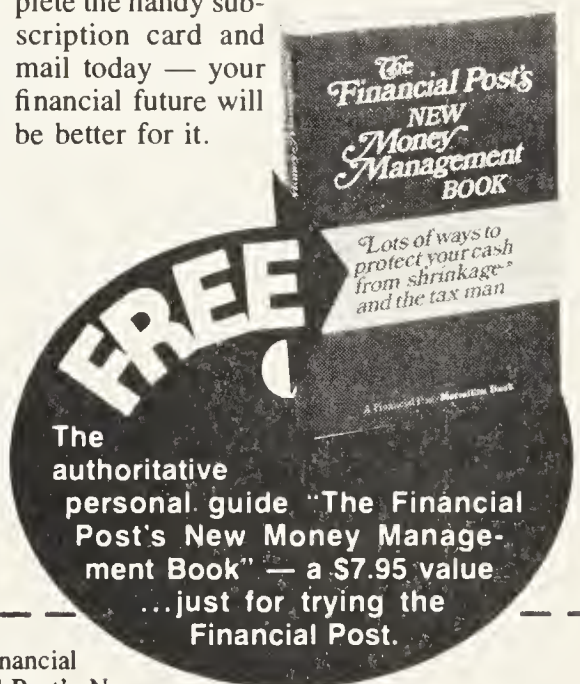
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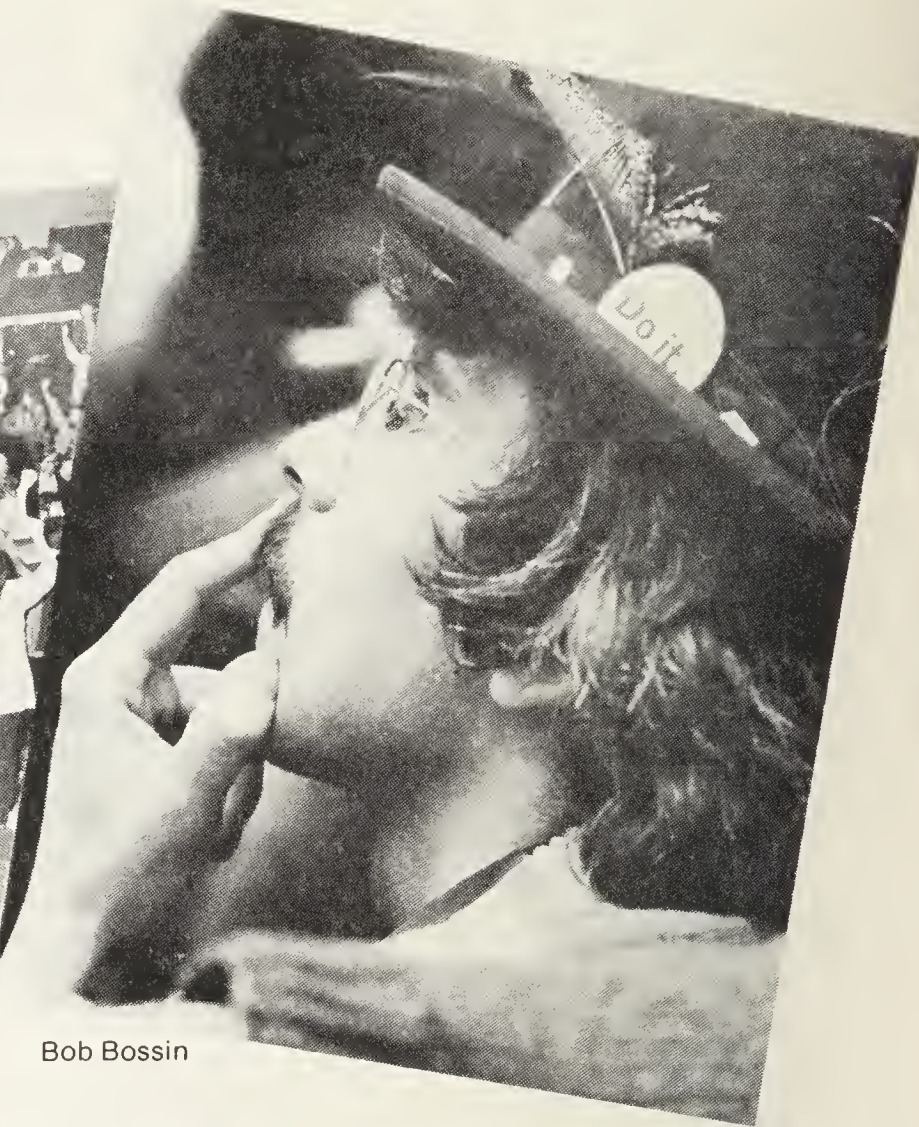
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Bob Bossin



THE MATURING OF MILITANTS

"We're more useful now
— and less quotable"

By Jacqueline Swartz

Such pessimism was sounded so often that it became part of the cant of the 1970s: that maturity and cynicism had replaced commitment to social change; that sometime campus revolutionaries had traded in bluejeans for three-piece suits and were scrambling for the material rewards of the once despised establishment.

Borovoy was wrong, at least in part. But then things have changed. The "establishment" is no longer anyone over 30 with a full-time job. Jeans and cowboy boots are now fashionable. And, of course, those idealistic students, high on vision and possibility, have graduated. But not, as the retrospectives point out, to merely tending their own garden; not to the blinding euphoria of materialism. And not to the renunciation of a naive and excessive past.

Cynicism? "That's media hype," says Leora Proctor Salter, an early '60s activist. "What we did was get serious instead of spouting rhetoric. We're more useful now — and less quotable."

Salter, who graduated from the U of T in 1964, has been teaching communications at Simon Fraser University for the last six years. Before that, she spent eight years as a community organizer in Saskatchewan and British Columbia.

"The first thing I did was to hang little orange mushroom paper clouds from the doors of University College to advertise a meeting," she recalls. In those days such meetings drew hundreds of students. "Now we've come full circle in re-focusing on nuclear issues."

Salter doesn't glamourize the '60s. "We were grossly romantic. And we were democrats without being populists; we talked about and at people, but not to them." Still, she says, people who were active in the '60s are no less active today.

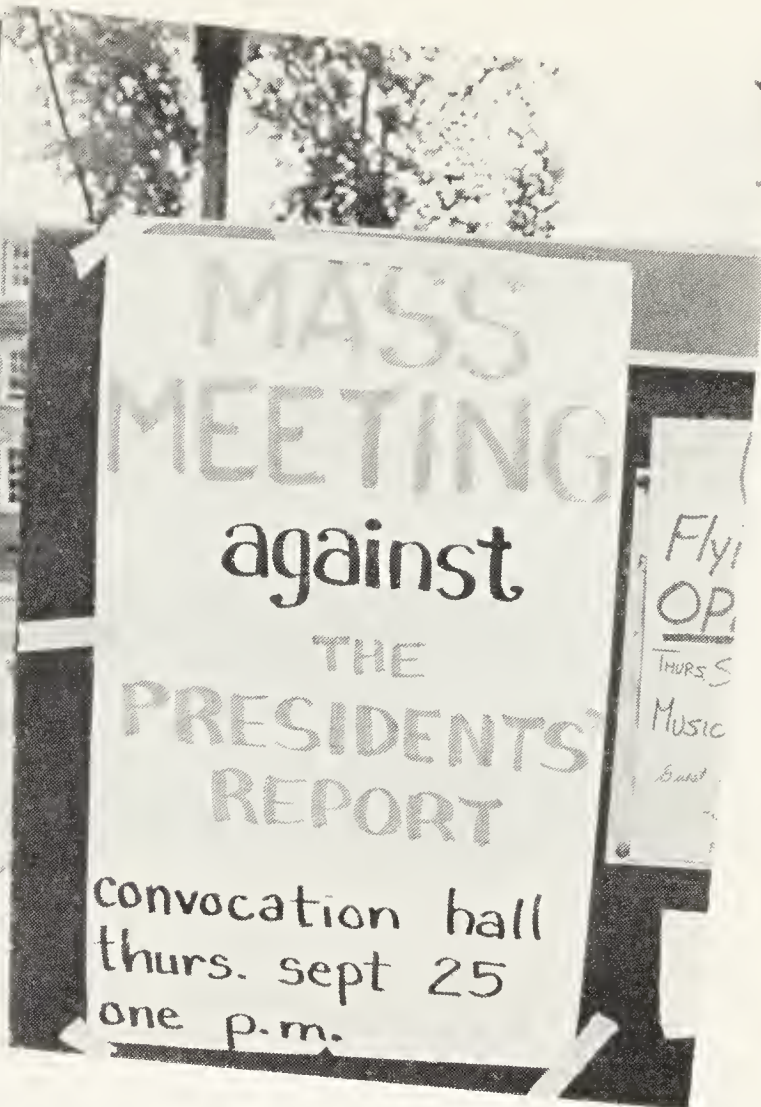
Dianne Burrows, 37, lives in Keremeos, B.C., where she runs the local NDP office and tries to stop uranium

"The militants of today will be the mortgage brokers of tomorrow," quipped Canadian Civil Liberties Association general counsel Alan Borovoy before the 1960s were half over. "The idealists of the '20s and '30s became the cynics of the '40s and '50s," he sadly warned.



D'Arcy Martin

Organizers rallied support for their causes at meetings held outside, on and off the campus; inside, Convocation Hall was the site of more than one demonstration.



exploration in her apple growing community. She graduated from U of T in 1963, later served with CUSO in Jamaica, and was horrified when she returned to find that racism existed among nice middle-class people just like her relatives. She went to Alabama, working in the Student Christian Movement, and in March 1965, led a march and three-day sit-in (or sit-out) on the steps of the U.S. consulate protesting the treatment of Alabama blacks. It "mushroomed into one of the city's biggest ever street demonstrations", the *Toronto Star* reported, describing what was to become a typical scene — a swaying crowd of students huddling together in the cold, singing "We Shall Overcome", and passing around hot coffee.

Burrows remembers those days. But you can't call it nostalgia. Because, as she says, "I haven't given up". She feels lucky to be living in a community where her commitment and organizing skills have an impact.

When the sit-in developed into a caravan that went to Ottawa, the student who read the message to President Lyndon Johnson was Art Pape. Long active in the Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CUCND) and then in the Company of Young Canadians as research director, he was one of the founders of the Student Union for Peace Action (SUPA). He credits that organization, which many activists remember as representative of a time when various factions of the campus Left were still speaking to each other, with making the connection between domestic and international issues. "We understood that to fight militarism you have to be concerned with how much power people have at home."

Pape describes the campus ferment of the '60s as "a movement of the young and hopeful. People I know continue to be stubbornly hopeful," he adds.

"People are doing as much today — and the country is in much worse shape now. But we have more skills now and some of us are working more creatively."

Back then, over 15 years ago, Pape recalls, people really believed in themselves and in their country. "They weren't madmen and they didn't act just to proclaim independence from their fathers. But the movement wasn't ultra-sophisticated and so it got trapped and cornered."

Today? "We're not 22 and we're not surrounded by people just like ourselves." People had to get on with their lives, careers and families. And why not? The movement never claimed to be monastic, Pape adds. The new sexual freedom, experimentation with drugs and a booming economy made living marginally a far cry from asceticism. And poverty can be fun when you know it's temporary.

Pape is one example of the '60s radical turned super-achiever. In the late '60s he worked in educational television in Edmonton, then moved to B.C. where he taught film and TV for six years at a community college, successfully working to unionize colleges in the area. Then, a mid-life career change into labour law, he's articling now, because "it seemed the best way to do my work". In 1977, he completed a 90-minute film on the Berger inquiry which won the Canadian Film Award for best documentary.

The mid-'60s gave the U of T anti-war protests and a new awareness of student power. In the fall of 1966, Students' Administrative Council (SAC) president Tom Faulkner, now a professor of religion at Dalhousie University, led 2,400 students to protest Ontario Student Assistance Program loan regulations. *Varsity* articles asked questions like "Do Courses Stifle Creative Thought?" and criticized lack of student participation on administrative and governing bodies. Youth emerged, and "multiversity" became a buzzword. Author Hugh MacLennan announced that "youth has rejected the entire superego of our modern western culture".

Steven Langdon, who was at U of T from 1965 to 1970, was part of a tradition of what *The Varsity* called "brilliant, hard-working student bureaucrats". Now a professor of



Steven Langdon

economics at Carleton University and an NDP candidate from Essex-Windsor, Langdon, 33, describes the student power movement at the University as more reform-oriented than at Columbia and Berkeley. SAC president in 1968-69, he recalls that "we'd demonstrate and threaten sit-ins but we were willing to negotiate". That's still crucial for the Left. "Change will come about as a result of detailed, worked-out suggestions for reform."

Today Langdon thinks that "even the Right is less elitist". And, having seen some change, he is encouraged. "My political convictions haven't changed," he says, and neither have those of his activist friends of the '60s, people he still knows and respects. "I look around the labour movement and see many research and support positions filled by these people. I can't think of very many who lost their concern for social issues."

Langdon's friend and colleague Bob Rae, NDP finance critic and MP for Metro's Broadview-Greenwood riding, was drawn into campus politics in his second year.

The Dow sit-in, which protested on-campus recruiting by the napalm manufacturing company, "really opened my eyes — it was the first time I'd ever gotten directly involved in an issue". And it raised difficult questions, Rae adds, regarding the extent to which the University should be involved with the military-industrial complex.

"We really did try to democratize the University," he says. "It was a tremendously exciting time." For how often do you have the chance to think through the premises of your life? Rae, now 32, recalls never-ending discussions, mostly about ideas instead of careers. That was possible then — "we were part of a boom," he says.

And while many of his friends from the old days are raising families and working in professions, they have been marked by their experience of heady activism. Bob Rae is not the only one to say that "you can tell a '60s person".

Freelance journalist Art Moses, 31, says he's as

"irreverent and as freewheeling as ever. We're not as wild as we were, but going through the consciousness raising process of the time had its effects." The '70s, he says, institutionalized many attitudes born in the '60s, with the result that people have become more sceptical.

"The media are just full of us," he adds. "Maybe that's one reason why there is more anti-corporate and anti-nuke reporting now compared to 10 years ago."

Moses, who lives in Sudbury, reported extensively on the INCO miners' strike. "By keeping the issues in the newspapers, I hoped to make a contribution to the workers' cause."

He's still optimistic about change. And if it comes, the leadership will be from '60s veterans. People who have relinquished self-images of romantic revolutionaries to become, if anything, more committed.

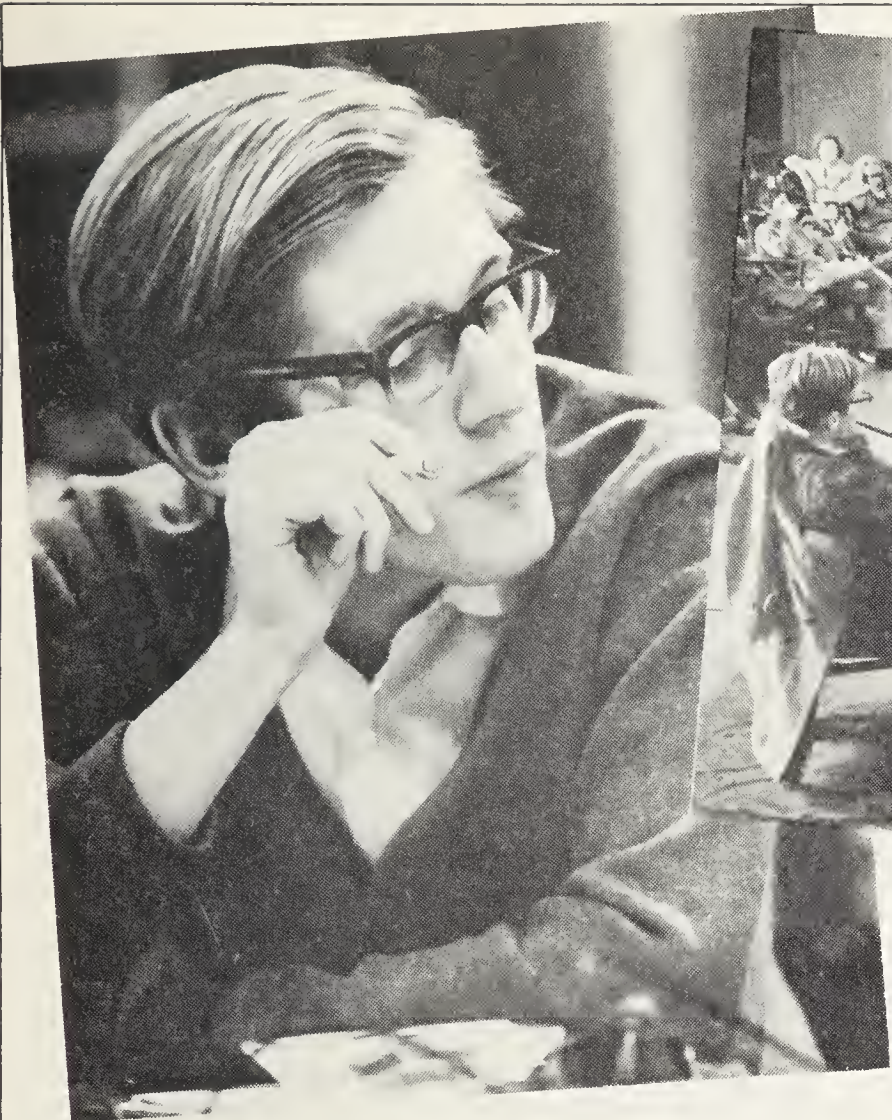
"Everyone I know who was active then is active now," says songwriter-musician Bob Bossin, 33, "but things go in cycles. We were a bit foolish for thinking the '60s would go on forever. But then people didn't think the '70s would end either."

Bossin, who performs with the folk-rock group, Stringband, writes songs he calls political and is active in the movement against nuclear energy.

At the U of T — he graduated in 1968 but stayed on as SAC educational coordinator — he became an active protester. "But I was on the romantic fringe; I was as interested in what went on among people at demonstrations as I was in the issues." His irreverence extended to causes. Once he announced at a demonstration, "If they give you the vote, give it right back!"

Bossin claims his experience at the University gave him lasting insights into how bureaucracies work — "and how they break down".

That kind of knowledge can come in handy. Two years ago, recalls Bob Spencer, 31, a trustee on the Toronto Board



First meeting of the Commission on the Government of the University of Toronto, December 1968.

Bob Rae

of Education, three key positions on the board were held by activists he knew from his student days at the U of T, people he calls "left-over dinosaurs". Not that they're obsolete.

Spencer himself is working to educate small children in what he calls critical consciousness — "teaching them to become actors rather than objects in a changing world".

In 1972 — the '60s really hadn't ended yet — when he was SAC president, Spencer led students in their demands for undergraduate access to the Robarts Library. *The Varsity* called it "The Year of the Siege".

"We had cops on the campus three times that year," he says. "Middle-class kids were being arrested for the first time in their lives and they were *angry*." The hardest task was not to mobilize students — they were more than ready to occupy Simcoe Hall — but to channel them into peaceful protest.

"It was the most comfortable political position I had ever taken. The issue was clear and it was obvious that if the administration hadn't given in, the students would have taken Simcoe Hall apart."

Spencer recalls the high level of dialogue of those days: all-night discussions of subjective vs. objective reality. A sense of fun is also part of the legacy. "If you're arguing for Utopia you can't go around being stern and depressed."

Spencer meets a lot of left-over dinosaurs campaigning for the NDP. "There are more 30-year-old conspiracy people out there than a lot of people would like to admit," he says. They're still trying to change the world but they know it's going to take longer.

Are activists from the '60s finding the '80s a good time to dust off their ideals? Is the current interest in local politics and issue-oriented movements reminding them of their old conviction that to be uninvolved is to promote the status quo?

You can't call them born-again radicals because the students who were most active then stayed involved. They

just found themselves in different settings. Many, it seems, continue to fuel the NDP. Others, and not just the leaders interviewed here, took to the sidelines or withdrew in the realization that they didn't have all the answers any more.

One thing is clear: students in the '60s who were most aware of the inequities they were protesting took their education seriously. "We would challenge professors to discuss the very premises of their disciplines," says Bob Rae. And some students got a taste, as Bob Spencer puts it, of doing something important for the first time.

For D'Arcy Martin, Canadian educational director for the United Steelworkers, it was serving (with Bob Rae) on the Commission for University Government. Martin, 32, who was on the SAC executive in 1968, says the commission sparked an interest in the relationship between politics and education.

"We saw the University as an engine of change. But we learned that the opposition was much more sophisticated than we were." Now he sets up programs to teach steelworkers how to fight grievances, run meetings and identify poisonous substances — "things they need to know to defend their rights".

It's amazing how few people from that time have forgotten their ideals, he says. Given the current climate of financial fear and political pessimism, they could have applied their considerable talents to getting rich quick. Instead, adds Martin, they have become, as teachers, lawyers and politicians, among the most progressive in their fields.

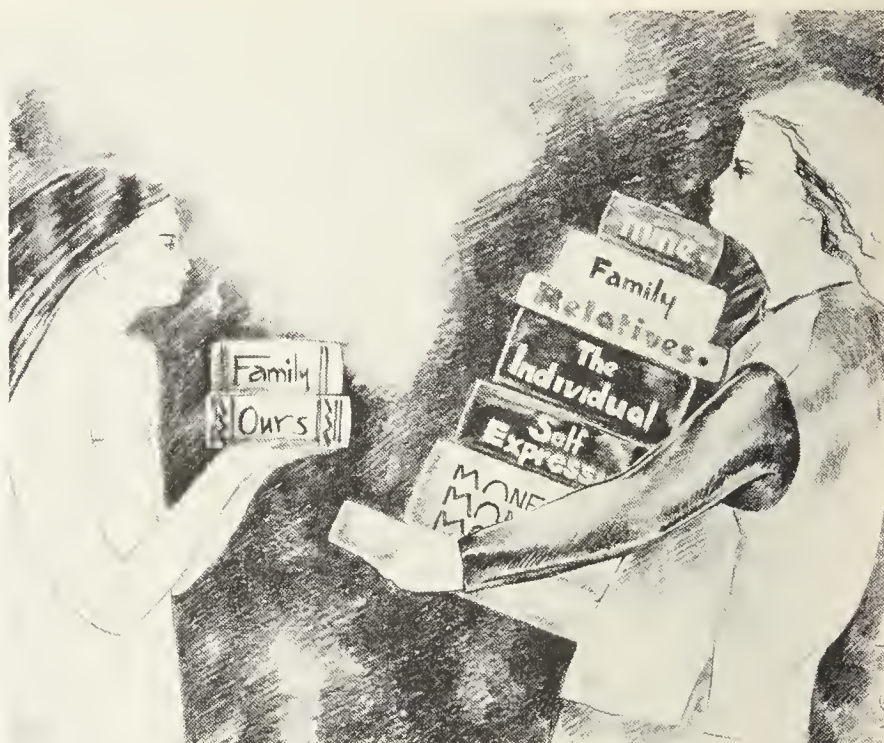
Martin still sees his old friends from the '60s — people like Rae, Langdon and Bossin. They may disagree on priorities of what one ought to do, he says, but they still feel a responsibility to do something.

And whether they're wearing bluejeans or three-piece suits they seem to agree, as Martin says, on one thing: "We still see social change as necessary." ■

POLYNESIANS AND PAKEHAS

We are not mean by nature,
we just seem that way sometimes.

By Benjamin Schlesinger



Economic Life

The western economic system is based on individual ownership. This is applied to land, possessions and money. A person's private property is usually inherited by his family on his death but while he lives he has sole control over what he owns and can do what he likes with it, so long as he does not harm anyone or cause offence to others.

Each person is expected to be responsible for his own livelihood. Exceptions are made for people who, for one reason or another, cannot earn a living. Nevertheless, most Pakehas believe that every person should look after himself financially.

Since everyone is expected to look after himself, independence is considered a virtue. Children are encouraged to be independent at an early age. In many Pakeha families, children who work pay board to their parents. The parents accept it even if they do not need the extra money because they believe it is good to teach their children to stand on their own feet.

Family Life

The Pakeha family is very different from the Polynesian family. The Pakeha family usually consists of a married couple and their dependent children. Uncles and aunts, grandparents, and cousins are not generally regarded as family members, though they are relatives.

As a Polynesian you feel a strong obligation towards your relatives because you regard them as family members. You would help them as much as you would help your children. While a Pakeha feels just as strong an obligation towards his wife and children, this does not always extend to his relatives because to him they are not members of his family. To Polynesians, Pakehas may appear to be mean and selfish towards their relatives. This is not because Pakehas are mean by nature, but because the word "family" means different things to Pakehas and Polynesians.

Home and the School

Since Pakehas value independence, their children are encouraged to speak and to act for themselves from an early age.

Benjamin Schlesinger is a professor in the Faculty of Social Work; in 1978-79 he was visiting professor in the Department of Sociology, University of Auckland.

New Zealand is a country of 3.1 million people, of whom 11 per cent are Polynesians. This multi-cultural group consists of 257,000 Maoris, and the rest are Pacific Islanders from Samoa, Tonga, Cook Islands, Nieu Islands and the Tokelau Islands.

The dominant European population has its roots in British and Irish backgrounds. Until recently little attempt was made to interpret to each other the ethnic variations of the Polynesian and Pakeha (white) groups. During the past three years a few publications by the Vocational Training Council have discussed the socio-cultural patterns of the Polynesian groups in New Zealand. What I found most interesting are a few attempts at explaining the Pakeha culture to the Polynesians.

I have selected some samples of how the Pakeha is explained to the Polynesian in New Zealand. It sounds, at times, like an anthropologist looking at the dominant culture!



While Pakehas recognise that children are educated both at home and in school, they separate the areas of responsibility more than Polynesian parents do. For Pakehas, the home is mainly responsible for providing the things children need to lead a healthy and happy life and for teaching them how to behave properly in society. The school is mainly responsible for giving children the knowledge they will need to make a living and to be future good citizens.

In New Zealand, therefore, teachers are responsible for discipline only in the school and are not responsible for the children's total welfare. For example, it is not a teacher's duty to see that the children he teaches eat the right kind of food, brush their teeth regularly, or fulfil their family obligations. In New Zealand, parents accept first responsibility for these things, and may resent the school's interference with the way they bring up their children.

Political Life

New Zealand government is based on parliamentary democracy. In a democracy, everyone is considered to be equal. So if the people cannot agree on what they want, the biggest number of people wanting the same thing will win, and the rest must follow. For this to happen, every person must have the chance to say what he wants.

Individualism

Everything in western society emphasizes the individual. In religion, each person has to find his own salvation. In politics, each person is expected to make his views known. With Polynesians, it is the family which gives a person status and position. With Pakehas, each has to make his own way in the world and win status by what he succeeds in doing and owning. In many instances, therefore, Pakehas put the individual before the group, the self before others.

Money-minded

A Polynesian knows that he can depend on his relatives in

time of need because they will share what they have with him. Your family is your security, and the more members there are, the better.

A Pakeha cannot depend on his relatives to the same extent. Usually he alone must be responsible for keeping his wife and children. To him, money is security, both for himself and his family. He has also been brought up to be proud of his ability to provide for his family without relying on others. To a Pakeha, then, money is important not only as a means of support but also as a source of self-esteem and a measure of success.

The Home

A Polynesian likes his friends to feel that his home is open to them all the time. To a Pakeha, his home is a private place. Pakehas generally do not have a habit of dropping in unannounced, and guests usually come by invitation. This is particularly so with older Pakehas. Even among good friends, it is usual to phone before calling. Pakehas generally guard their privacy jealously.

Hospitality

It is Polynesian custom to lavish everything you have on your guests. When invited to a Pakeha home, you may sometimes be surprised at the plain meals you are offered. This is one Pakeha way of making guests feel at home, by not making a fuss over them. In Pakeha circles, it is a compliment to be treated as "one of the family". Sometimes this means sausages and chips for dinner!

Pakehas like their guests to arrive on time, especially if the invitation is to a meal. The hostess usually plans things so that the meal is ready at a certain time. If guests arrive late, the meal could be spoiled and her efforts wasted. If they arrive too early, the hosts may not be ready to receive them and will be embarrassed.

Sometimes it is hard to tell if you have been invited to a meal: even Pakehas are not always sure. You can generally



tell by the time you are asked to arrive. Pakehas usually have their evening meal between 6 and 7 p.m., so if you have been asked to come around that time, you can usually be sure that a meal will be served. If the invitation is for after 8 p.m., it would be a good idea to eat something before you go. However, don't be surprised if your hosts produce quite a big meal even after 8 p.m. There are no fixed rules to go by.

On Entering a House

When you visit Pakeha friends, always knock before you enter, even if the front door is wide open. And always close the door gently after you, unless your host asks you to leave it open. In Pakeha circles, women normally enter before men.

Sitting and Standing

Among Polynesians it would be rude for you to talk to someone while standing if it is possible to sit down. In Pakeha circles it is polite for you to wait to be invited to sit. To stand before someone is a sign of respect. That is why most men stand up when someone, especially a lady, enters a room. If a guest has not been invited to sit, he usually asks "May I sit down?" before doing so.

Use of Titles

When addressing someone by name, it is polite among Pakehas to put a title before his name. First names are usually used only among friends. For example, John Smith will be called "Mr. Smith" by a stranger or a subordinate. His friends will normally call him "John". Here again, there is quite a range in the degree of formality, depending on the group you are with and the situation you are in. Young people at a party will often call one another by their first names as soon as they have been introduced.

Social Drinks

When Pakehas get together with friends for a chat, they like to have a few drinks. This is because many Pakehas find it hard to relax and a little alcohol helps them to loosen up. So they drink in order to be sociable, not to get drunk. On such occasions, to avoid drinking too much, it is a good idea to drink slowly, so that your glass does not get filled too many times too quickly.

Often, however, Pakehas get drunk in pubs and at parties. Although they may not intend to get drunk, this happens because so much drink is available in these places. If you are not used to alcohol, it is better not to follow their example, as you may do something you would not normally do or approve of.

Physical Violence

In New Zealand physical violence is a serious offence and is severely punished. The person who starts a fight first is always considered wrong, no matter what the other person said to provoke him. If you feel you have been insulted at work, you should report this to one of your supervisors. If you are insulted outside work, then answer words with words, never with your fists.

The only time you can lawfully use physical violence is in self-defence — that is, if you are physically attacked or about to be attacked. In such cases, the law allows you to use your strength to defend yourself, but only enough to stop the other person from hurting you. It does not allow you to hit him unnecessarily.

Some Frequent Expressions

In all countries people use certain words in ways which are

different from their usual meaning. This can be confusing to newcomers. Some of the expression Pakehas use which may be new to you are:

How do you do? This is a formal greeting used when meeting someone or being introduced to him for the first time. The correct way to reply is to repeat exactly the same words: "How do you do?"

How are you? This is more informal than the first expression. It is used both on introduction and when meeting people you already know. It is a polite greeting only, and the speaker does not really want to know the state of your health in detail. Just answer briefly, "Very well, thank you".

Go Dutch. When friends go out together and "go Dutch", it means each pays his own expenses. This is quite common practice among Pakehas, especially among friends of the same sex.

Shout. This is most often heard in pubs. When someone says "It's my shout" he means it is his turn to pay. Friends who drink together usually take turns paying for drinks for everyone in the group, or "paying a round".

Drink. When someone asks "Would you like a drink?" he almost always means an alcoholic drink. It is quite all right to ask for a soft drink instead, meaning a non-alcoholic drink such as a Coke or lemonade.

Do. A "do" is another way of saying a social gathering of friends. It can be a dance, or just some food and drink and talk.

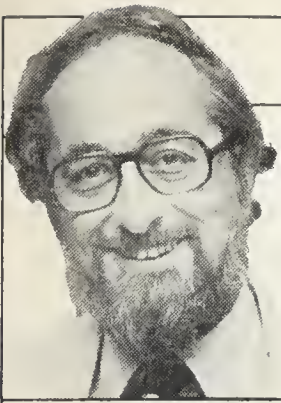
Give me a ring. This does not mean the speaker wants something to wear on his finger. He is asking you to call him on the telephone.

There are many more. If you are not sure of the meaning of a word or phrase, don't be afraid to ask. Pakehas generally are helpful people and will be happy to explain. If you are too shy, make a note and ask a friend later. Learning these expressions will help you to feel more at ease among Pakehas.

Conclusion

It would be fun to attempt to draw up a booklet under similar headings and to try and explain "A Canadian Pakeha". *Tena Koutou* (Maori) — "greetings to you all" from New Zealand. ■





A Matter of Degree/By Ian Montagnes

PETTICOATS AMONG THE CLASS OF '85

The University College Union turned into a Victorian music hall the other evening and a group of students revived a long-forgotten Canadian play, *The Sweet Girl Graduate*. Its author, Sarah Anne Curzon, was a champion of women's rights a century ago, and her target in this work was the University of Toronto. Old Varsity, in 1882, would admit no women students. Or as Kate, the heroine, put it:

*The sun-lit heights of steep
Parnassus
Reach past the clouds, and we below
must stay;
Not that our alpen-stocks are weak,
or that
Our breath comes short, but that,
forsooth, we wear
The Petticoat.*

Mrs. Curzon at times betrayed the strident militancy of many a modern feminist. But Kate has no problems. She simply disguises herself as a man, enters the university, wins friends and honours, and only after graduation astounds her classmates with her true sex.

The University of Toronto has, over the decades, always been more comfortable for men than for women. Women have had to fight for entry to common rooms or a seat at high tables, for academic rank and even for equal recognition once rank was won. (The late Beatrice Corrigan, as a distinguished scholar of the Renaissance, remarked bitterly that her male colleagues were always called "Doctor" or "Professor" while she was almost invariably addressed as "Miss".) But the biggest battle was to get women admitted at all.

Kate and her real counterparts of the early 1880s were in a Catch-22 situation. Women could take the examinations of the University of Toronto, but couldn't attend classes at University College, the university's teaching arm. And though several did pass exams, and even win scholarships, without the help of lectures no woman ever secured a degree. Harrumphed *The Varsity*: "Our present system is masculine, is intended for men, and suits men."

Daniel Wilson, president of University College, agreed. Not that

he was opposed to the education of women *per se* (unlike Kate's parents, who were). He simply feared the potential evils of a mixed classroom. He supported the Oxbridge approach: a separate college for women, staffed with women, built near University College and sharing some of its facilities and staff.

Wilson had considerable support. Goldwin Smith, the liberal sage, warned that if all Ontario's wealthy young men and women were thrown together in the same college, "presidents would have to undertake the duties of a duenna". The college staff was reported split. *The Varsity* feared that co-eds would feminize the educational system and weaken male mental power.

Petitions were circulated, calling on University College to change its rules: Mrs. Curzon ended her play, in fact, with a plea for signatures. Speeches were made. Finally, in March 1884, two prominent graduates — J.M. Gibson and Richard Harcourt, both former Prince's prizemen and future cabinet ministers — introduced a motion in the Ontario legislature calling for admission of women to the provincial university. It passed handily.

Wilson delayed for some months, detailing the expensive alterations needed to accommodate women students: a separate common room, reading rooms, cloakroom, and washrooms.

"As to the gymnasium," he added on one occasion, "I may assume that not even those advocates of co-education who most zealously urge the free intercourse of students of both sexes in all other respects, will recommend the common use of the ropes and ladders, leaping-bars, clubs, fencing foils and other athletic appliances."

That fall, nevertheless, eleven women registered for classes, and in the spring Toronto had its first women graduates: Mary Bell Bald, Margaret Langley, and Ella Martin, Class of '85.

Sir Daniel Wilson's name today adorns the residence in which the students who staged *The Sweet Girl Graduate* live during term. It is, like many other residences on campus, co-educational.

What's odd is the placement of students — men and women in alternate rooms along the corridors, and even vertically from floor to floor. The arrangement has all the humour and vitality of a checkerboard. It might have appealed to Daniel Wilson's unnatural sense of system. ■



KOMMOS

By Jacqueline Swartz



How Joseph Shaw found his way through the labyrinth to dig the glory that was Crete

The romance of discovery and fascination with the unknown is part of it, says U of T archaeologist Joseph Shaw. "Today, when the world seems frustrating and complex, archaeology opens up worlds that were simpler and perhaps better."

Shaw, a professor in the Department of Fine Art, has spent the last four summers exploring one of the most captivating of those worlds. In the first large scale Canadian excavation in Greece, he is leading a team that has discovered a major Minoan centre at Kommos, a now-deserted harbour in southern Crete.

It wasn't until the beginning of this century that Crete was thought of as anything but a backwater of Greece, although it was acknowledged to be the birthplace of the god Zeus and the home of the legendary King Minos. Even in 150 BC, the Greek historian, Polybius, described Crete as a place of greed and avarice, murder and civil wars. If Crete had a heroic past, it was obscured in myth.

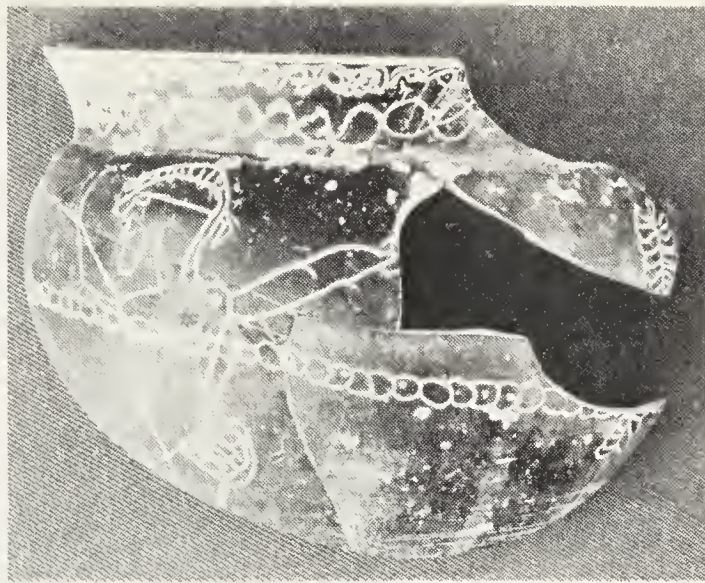
Then, in 1900, British archaeologist Sir Arthur Evans began excavating the palace at Knossos and discovered the Cretan Golden Age. Between 2000 and 1400 BC, Crete was richer and more civilized than any other area of what was later called Greece and had reached a luxurious high culture marked by peacefulness, trade with the mainland of Greece and the Near East, vivid and skilful design and

craftsmanship, and an absence of despotic kings and ruling male gods (the supreme deity was an earth goddess). The labyrinthine palace architecture and the presence of bulls in statues and frescoes led Evans to use the term Minoan, after King Minos and the legend of the bull in the maze.

Subsequently, numerous other Minoan sites were discovered. By 1962, with the unearthing of Kato Zakros on the eastern tip of Crete, many archaeologists believed that all major prehistoric centres on the island had been found. Although Evans and other archaeologists made reference to Kommos, it was never excavated. In 1965, Shaw, then writing about ancient Greek harbours, went to have a look.

"From my first visit to Kommos it was clear that the site, although largely hidden by sand, would repay excavation," says Shaw. He speculated that Kommos was the only significant settlement of prehistoric times along that lonely stretch of coastline marked by three hills overlooking the Libyan sea. Shaw had clues to support his hunch. The importance of the harbour to the Minoan traders was one. Fragments of bowls, cups and storage jars lying on the slope of an eroded hill were another, and there were tantalizing hints of ancient walls peeking out from high seaside scarps.

Yet other archaeologists had dismissed the site. "It seems they didn't know where to look," says Shaw, adding mischievously that he now enjoys showing them around.



Opposite: Small bronze horse, now cleaned, removed from tri-pillar shrine where it had rested more than two thousand years.

Top: Seventh century BC black-laced bowl with incised decoration.

Bottom: Bronze bull ca 700 BC found in early Greek shrine.

Above: Minoan conical *rhyton* as discovered and, at far left, with painted decoration restored.

But clues aren't enough, not to mount a huge project involving funds, permits, specialists — and perhaps years. Shaw explains what drove him: "You see part of a wall, you see shards, you see the edge of things. That's part of it — the other 60 percent is sheer belief."

Whenever that belief waned, he turned to the imperious Evans. "Evans had a prescience about things," explains Shaw. And Evans had written about the importance of the site.

So Shaw went ahead, navigating his way through bureaucratic nightmares that recall the legend of the labyrinth itself. First he had to secure the land, which had been purchased by a developer. Situated on an isolated, sandy beach, it looked like a tourist-brochure paradise. Shaw had to convince the Greek government that the land was archaeologically important. Then he had to get a permit to dig; and after years of having its archaeological sites expropriated, Greece was cautiously awarding only three permits for all of North America. "We needed money to get a permit and a permit to get money," Shaw explains. Then the case was lost in the clogged courts of Greece at a time when the country was controlled by a military oligarchy. When he got tired of waiting, Shaw checked into a hotel in Crete and started making phone calls.

Finally, he got his permit. Now he needed money. And still there were doubts. "I was making arrangements, getting people to take my word — what would happen if there was nothing?" But he knew he would have to dig before he could fail.

In the winter of 1975, Shaw went to Ottawa and submitted an application, a *late* application, to the Canada

Council. "It was a hundred-to-one chance but we got it," he says with the iron poise of one who won't give up.

By 1976, the project was in full swing. Sponsoring it were the U of T and the Royal Ontario Museum, with the cooperation of the Greek Archaeological Service. The Canada Council and the SCM Corporation contributed funds. Under the auspices of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, an interdisciplinary team was formed that included Shaw's wife, Maria, associate professor of fine arts at Scarborough College, and professors and students from Canada, the U.S. and England. Twenty workmen were hired from the village of Pitsidia nearby.

Shaw's hopes were realized the very first year, as a hilltop began to yield remains of houses first built in the Late Minoan I period (1600-1450 BC). Further down the hillside, houses were found that dated from the Middle Minoan period (2000-1600 BC). One contained seven rooms and included a bathroom — the Minoans' advanced plumbing system featured the world's first flush toilet. Shaw would like to establish a chronological index to pottery and building styles. He is especially curious about ancient domestic life: "how people lived, what they ate — not just the pretty stuff." The discovery of a wine press, stone tools for cutting and grinding, fish and animal bones, and seeds, give numerous clues to the Bronze Age menu.

As the team continued excavating from 6 a.m. to 3 p.m. in the broiling Cretan sun, hopes soon gave way to discoveries, each one more unexpected than the last.

The second summer of the dig yielded a sanctuary complex dating from Classical/Hellenistic times (500 BC - 150 AD). It included a court with four altars in an

arrangement Shaw describes as "rare if not unique in the Graeco-Roman period".

West of the two northern altars a Classical temple was found. When the team probed the base of one of its two columns, they saw that it did not rest on a proper foundation but lay directly upon an earlier hearth. Temples were often built above areas already hallowed and the Classical temple was situated on an earlier sacred site. Beneath this hearth was yet another altar, consisting of three tapering vertical slabs. Jammed in between two slabs was a small faience (glazed earthenware) Egyptian goddess, the lion-headed Sekhmet, goddess of war and peace. Excavating in semi-darkness, a workman found another protruding object. At first he thought it was a hook. Then pandemonium broke loose as a small bronze horse was removed from the sacred hearth where it had rested for more than 2,600 years.

"You change," says Shaw, describing the process of the dig. "The first year, the signs of the house meant the gamble was paying off." On the fourth day of that summer, a tall, many-handled pot was found standing upright with a cup on top, proving a theory that such vessels were used as stands. The theory had been discussed for years; it was proven in five minutes.

Indeed, the dig has turned the head of more than one of its experts. One, an authority on *rhyta*, sacred vessels, was ecstatic when the first rare object was found. Then, when one *rhyton* after another appeared, and an unusually beautiful one was found whole, the expert became blasé. Says Shaw: "He was floating . . . it was as if the objects were made-to-order."

Shaw may have his own made-to-order find in the remains of a large building found in 1979 on a slope leading to the beach. "It was under six metres of sand, in the southwest corner — right where I dreamed it." The walls, over two metres high, are constructed in such large proportions that the building could hardly have been an ordinary house. A nearby corridor to the shore suggests the building was used for harbour trade functions. Equally interesting is that it was last used at the end of the Late Minoan period, around 1300 BC. Evans described this period, which follows the destruction of the palatial centre at Knossos, as a miserable squatter's world. But based on the discovery of late Minoan structures and pottery, Shaw says that Kommos escaped the furious doom of other Minoan sites, which were destroyed either by an earthquake or a Mycenaean invasion. Perhaps, he says, the Mycenaeans invaded Crete and spared Kommos because they wanted to use it as a harbour. Whatever the reason, the project is shedding light not only on the glory that was Crete but on the beginning of its dark ages.

Another theory that doesn't seem so far-fetched now is that Kommos was the site of the shipwreck of Menelaus as he made his way back from the victorious battle at Troy. "If he existed," says Shaw with a glint that leaves no doubt, "then he could hardly have avoided the harbour; it was on his way and tallies exactly with Homer's description."

And then there's the possibility of a palace. Shaw throws up his hands at the thought. "I hope we don't find one. It would mean another 10 years of excavation." By that time, many of the present staff would not be around. Besides, Shaw is most interested in how the other half lived. And he has worked on palaces. He assisted Nicholas Platon, one of the deans of Greek archaeology, at Kato Zakro, where a Minoan palace was discovered that rivalled the one at Knossos.



PHOTOGRAPH BY M.C. SHAW

Professor Shaw examining large Minoan storage vessel at Kommos.

"Platon was exceedingly generous with his knowledge and experience. From him I learned to care for things. He's of the old school — he knows about almost all aspects of a dig," says Shaw. Today the field has become divided into specialized domains such as ceramics and tools.

Shaw's first brush with archaeology came in 1953, when he was a workman at a dig in New Mexico. "That was a damn sight better than other jobs I've had," he says, recalling a logging camp mishap that almost cost his life. He'd been thrown onto a conveyer belt carrying logs to be sliced and nearly went the whole route.

After serving with the U.S. Army in Puerto Rico, where he learned skindiving, Shaw studied architecture at the Illinois Institute of Technology, specializing in surveying antiquities. He was immediately hired by the University of Chicago to survey a dig at Kenchreai in Greece and stayed, freelancing in Athens for the next three years. "Sometimes I'd work for love, and sometimes for Mammon," he says. "When I was out of work, I'd just go to cocktail parties. Usually something would turn up."

After receiving his doctorate in archaeology from the University of Pennsylvania in 1970, Shaw teamed up with (now retired) U of T professor Walter Graham on an excavation of the Athenian agora. It was through Graham, an expert on Minoan architecture, that Shaw came to the U of T. At first the idea frightened him — "all that responsibility when my life had been so flexible".

But it was the U of T connection, Shaw says now, that made the Kommos dig possible. "Without the University there'd be no auspices and no students." Teaching, for Shaw, is not enough, however. "Field work is the blood — without it I'd dry up. It makes everything more real, including my teaching."

This summer Shaw will return again to Kommos, to his staff and to his workmen — old friends by now from the neighbouring village.

The team has made an effort over the years to show the townspeople what they are up to. They put out a newsletter, they drink raki, Cretan firewater, at the town's rickety taverna, and each summer they have an open house where workmen proudly display what they have found.

"The women come to the site and cross themselves," Shaw says. "They think of it as being old and full of God." And so, perhaps, does he. ■

MATHEMATICS FUND NEEDS YOUR INTEREST

When the late Professor Samuel Beatty lectured in mathematics, there was an invisible presence in the classroom.

Beatty, noted for his lively lectures, used to pretend he had an adversary with him at the front of the room. The adversary was apparently contradicting everything Beatty claimed to be true, making it necessary for the professor to give a detailed defence of each claim. As a result, students came away with a vivid understanding of the day's topic.

A tall man, given to peering over his spectacles, Beatty never forgot a face, particularly a student's face. Not only did he take a keen interest in the academic progress of each but he also staggered them with his detailed knowledge of their personal lives.

One young mathematics student couldn't afford to take his girlfriend to a big dance. Somehow Beatty found out and quietly supplied enough money for a corsage and a rented tuxedo. That same student was being pressured by his parents to drop out of university and get a job. Beatty gave him extra encouragement and even offered to go and talk to the parents about the importance of their son's education.

If a student had difficulty grasping some concept, Beatty always made himself available to offer a patient explanation.

While he's best remembered for his teaching, he also published some 30 research papers on algebraic functions and, from 1936 to 1952, served concurrently as chairman of the mathematics department and dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science.

In 1953, the University awarded him an honorary LLD and five weeks later he succeeded the late Vincent Massey as chancellor of the institution where he'd taught since 1911.

On his retirement as dean and departmental chairman, a fund was established in his name by alumni and friends. Interest from the fund was "to be applied generally for the encouragement of the study of mathematics and allied subjects" at U of T and throughout Ontario



ROBERT LANSDALE

secondary schools.

All U of T graduates with degrees in mathematics or physics are eligible to elect five of their number to represent them on the fund's board of trustees. Each year, the trustees allocate grants for such things as in-course scholarships, competition prizes, guest lecturers, library books, newsletters, tutoring services, and

expenses involved in student club projects and meetings.

By the time Sam Beatty died 10 years ago at the age of 88, the fund had reached the intended goal of \$100,000. It now stands at about \$145,000, thanks to a bequest. But inflation has greatly reduced the potential envisaged by the founders so the trustees have had to avoid many substantial projects and long-term commitments. At the same time, cutbacks in government support for universities have increased departmental dependence on having a supply of "free" money like the Beatty fund.

To maintain, and perhaps even expand, the fund's work, board of trustees chairman John Del Grande would like to see each maths and physics student contribute a dollar upon graduation, then increase that amount by at least a dollar a year.

Donations to the Beatty fund should be made out to the University of Toronto and sent to Professor E.J. Barbeau, Secretary, The Samuel Beatty Fund, Room B-201, University College, University of Toronto, Toronto M5S 1A1. ■

Notice to mathematics and physics graduates

Election of the Sixth Board of Samuel Beatty Fund Trustees

The current board retires at the end of 1980. Section 6(c)(ii) of the Trust Deed provides that "the retiring Trustees as a board, any five graduates eligible to vote, may nominate a candidate or candidates for election as Trustees and every such nomination shall be in writing and shall be delivered to the retiring Trustees by such time or date as they may from time to time fix by regulations." Basically, those eligible to vote include graduates of honours or specialist courses in either mathematics or physics.

The slate of candidates to be elected approved by the Board is as follows:

John J. Del Grande (4T4), North York mathematics coordinator
Jim Mayberry (5T0), professor of mathematics, Brock University
John Clippingdale (5T8), actuary, Confederation Life
William P. Bissett (5T8), secondary school teacher, North York
Jim Loffree (6T5), actuary, North American Life

Further nominations, as specified above, should be mailed to the Secretary, Professor E.J. Barbeau, Department of Mathematics, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1, not later than September 30, 1980. If no further nominations are received, this slate shall be declared elected.

Anyone is invited to write the Secretary for a detailed five-year report on the Fund including a financial statement.

A DETERMINATION TO BE HEARD

By Timothy Findley

"It is a form of insistence peculiar
to artists whatever their field"

When all is said and done, the writer-in-residence acts as a sounding board for students who want a "practitioner's" reaction to their work: but it seems to me that, however constructive this function may be, there should be some practical means by which he can demonstrate his enthusiasm for the best of the writing he encounters during the year. All very well and good to have the opportunity to sit there and explore the possible reasons why some things work and others don't; to criticize and praise or to just plain lean back and listen to the problems encountered by the writers one meets — but what do you do when you come across work that excites or even galvanizes you? It isn't, somehow, *just* that all one can do is sit there and say: "you know, I think this has importance". You want to be able to *do* something about it — shout about it in public. And that's what I'm able to do, having been given the opportunity to present the work of these talented poets here in *The Graduate*.

This is not the first time this has happened. As some of you may remember, the same opportunity was offered last year when my predecessor, Dennis Lee, introduced the students' work that excited *him*. I hope it becomes a tradition. In any case, *The Graduate* has the chance to make it one — and, judging from the editorial enthusiasm this time around, I suspect it may well come to pass.

One thing that strikes me as being of major importance

Timothy Findley, author of The Wars, winner in 1978 of the Governor-General's literary award, has completed a year as writer-in-residence.

concerning the work presented here is that none of it — and I repeat *none of it* — rings with any resonance other than its own. Each of these writers has achieved his own, or her own voice — and that, above all else, is the mark of a writer with something to say. The need to communicate is something we all share: but the need to articulate an exactitude is something peculiar to writers. The impulse to write, in other words, goes beyond the mere impulse to simply "communicate". It is the difference, let us say, between my saying: "there was this girl — and she liked me" and Shakespeare's almost unbearably poignant: "*I was adored once, too*". *Adored* is exact. *Liked* is . . . well . . . you name it.

Another thing shared by all these writers is determination to be heard. This stems, not, as may be suspected, from some ill-concealed egotism — but from the need to draw attention to the particular thing that one sees or understands. It is a form of insistence peculiar to artists, whatever their field. Writing is — believe it or not — hard work. With very little — and often no — recompense. Certainly whatever recompense there is comes after the work has long been completed. Novelists and poets don't get paid by the week or the month. And, as for that other form of "recompense" — praise — it comes about as often as a total eclipse. Therefore, this determination to be heard (which so many people *do* interpret as megalomania) is one of the basic criteria by which the real writers can be separated from the dilettantes.

Lastly, the most important thing shared by the writers represented here is talent. They all have it even though I can't define it. No one can. But their work does it for them. Here it is —

ROO BORSON

Roo Borson is a keen observer of the night. Not that her poetry is dark — but that most of it is lit with moons and neons. She creates a compelling atmosphere of wonder in all her work and much of what she shows us is seen through windows, on the one hand, or through a kind of private distance, on the other. This sense of private distance, which she shares with us through the poems, is filled with extraordinary energy. She maintains a sense of tension between the world she observes and the reader that, at moments, is quite overwhelming — as if something might “snap”. True poetic voices are rare. (True poetry is rare!) Roo Borson is rare.

— T.F.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT LANSDALE

A SAD DEVICE

A rat, his eyes like glycerine,
like galleries of landscape paintings,
genitals like a small bell, he,
siphon of smells,
mortician gathering in the gauzy corpses,
construes the world.

The grey warehouse of gothic stars,
the gleaming artillery of water,
the flowerbeds like Arabic scrolls,
all of it.

I think my heart is a sad device
like can-openers.
Sometimes I would rather step between slices
of dark rye and be taken in
by some larger beast.

The frozen mammoths in the laundry room
came of their own accord, not through coercion
by the Sears appliance man.
Not even he
has a cozy life.

Tiny lions in the zookeeper's hair
keep him busily asleep,
but some of us wake too soon,
when our lover is still a dismantled thing
blue with streetlight.

This rat and I —
This rat and I
have more in common than most,
having met once.
Now we go to separate nests
and presumably to dawn
with its crossfire of light
meeting in all the other eyes.

FLOWERS

The sunset, a huge flower, wilts on the horizon.
Robbed of perfume, a raw smell
wanders the hills, an embarrassing smell,
of nudity, of awkward hours on earth.
If a big man stands softly, his wide arms
gentled at his sides, women dissolve. It is the access
to easy violence that excites them.

The hills are knobbed with hay,
as if they were full of drawers about to be opened.
What could be inside but darkness?
The ground invisible, the toes feel the way,
bumping against unknown objects
like moths in a jar, like moths
stubbing themselves out on a lamp.

The women sit in their slips,
scattered upstairs through the houses
like silken buds.
They look in the mirror,
they wish they were other than they are.
Into a few of the rooms go a few of the men,
bringing their mushroomy smell.

The other men loll against the outsides of buildings
looking up at the stars,
inconsequential.

One of them bends down to smell a flower.
There are holes in his face.

IN THE CAFE

In the cafe men gesticulate,
carrying sadness in the off-hand way
that animals do.

Outside the sky is wet ashes, lowered horns,
and a vine scribbles something unreadable
on the wall.

If only the moments of sadness
could dissolve as coolly as this rain.
If a man could measure up
even to his clothes.

OCTOBER, HANSON'S FIELD

Frost chains the pumpkins,
like planets run aground, or
buoys the dead hang onto,
their eyes lit in the loam.

No more flocks of birds
that blow like a woman's gown
from tree to tree.

Hanson's field is empty
except for the sound
of a few last things alive.

The leaves topple in like invitations.
I look at the ground as if it were
one-way glass. The dead can see me.

Past sunset they send up their shadows
to lean against the trees,
like holograms.

ANDREW BROOKS

Andrew Brooks writes that most dangerous of all forms of writing: "private poetry". But he gets away with it because, even when the context is private, the images can be shared by the reader and the feelings caught on the rebound: like ricochets. Private poetry is dangerous because it threatens to exclude the reader — and, of course, if the reader is excluded then the whole purpose of writing is thwarted. I find this the most interesting aspect of Andrew Brooks' work: that he shares his private world without destroying its fragility. And, more important, without forcing the central figure in that world, himself, upon the reader.

—T.F.



CARILLON

Sentences walk in dreams on feet
Of light, but the sound is gone on waking.
Ability bows before what you recall;
Words jam the throat.

Yet I heard bells
In night bright with promise of snow.
The sound froze on the air,
Stars sighed behind the light, wind washed
Ice swelled slowly in octaves.

TYRANTS

They roar and rage like dinosaurs
Or, quieter, trim their nails
With the edges of sharp teeth.
You can almost forget them
If you ignore the red of headlines.

They loll like fat lions on far-off thrones,
Evading pointed questions with a grin,
Or comments that refer to some forgotten myth
Lying torn in the jungle —
Cruel but presumed dead.

INSTANTS

Line and shade of a lake seen once
From twenty thousand feet. Your fingers
Sliding along my hand. Moon and lights
Float to horizon. A lot to say
When the things that card and spin
Us bloom and burst in the brain —
Panels of glass, petals of crystal flowers
That never stay long, their messages
Banging a frozen ear. We hear
The bang, banging — no messages.
Even that goes, and we have
A half-embodied thought —
Pages waiting for print,
And worlds waiting to be said.

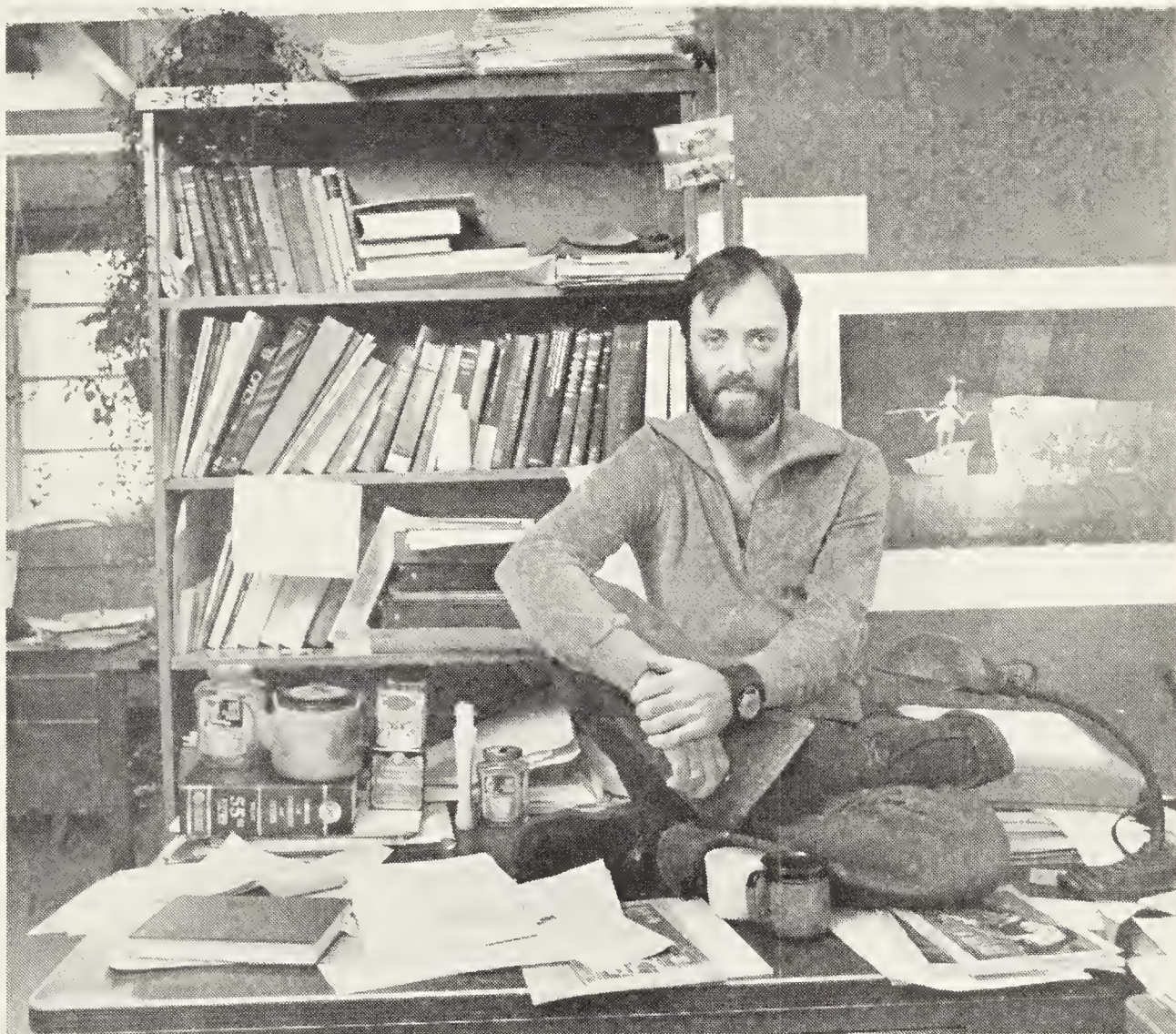
TWO RECORDERS

You were first to start the tune and I
Kept up a little at first, but fell behind
Into descending spirals of orphaned notes,
Despaired of shadowing that sound,
And watched. The room bent inward
So filled by the song you made.
I can tell you that these are things
In which we pattern ourselves time and again;
Fingerprints taking stock of a world,
Of universes obedient to silence, to sound.

KIM MALTMAN

Kim Maltman's poetry takes many shapes and if there had been the opportunity to offer more of his work, you would find that he concerns himself mostly with encounters, both with animals and with people; and with objects and places. Quite often, Maltman (as poet) is found standing stalk still — right at the centre of a landscape — as if deposited there, abandoned by a time machine. This is why I think the shapes of his poems are so varied: in some, he describes a sense of claustrophobia, as if the landscape were pushing at him — while in others, he delivers a sense of space without horizons. But he rarely appears as a part of the landscape himself. He is the perfect observer: watching — always alone in his mind, no matter who might be holding his hand or standing beside him. His poetry perfectly reflects (for me) the landscape both of this time and place.

—T.F.



OWL

It's been more than a week now, and no break in the heat,
but by 10 o'clock, when it's finally dark, things have started
to cool off a bit and the little boy has come out on the porch.
Inside, the house is quiet, the doors to all the rooms ajar,
the windows thrown open wide as if wanting to swallow
the whole night, but the day's heat won't leave the air,
it just hangs there smelling faintly of bodies, leaking out
through the screen door of the kitchen (which is crammed
also with the smell of old food and heat,
as it will be most of the summer). Something about the house feels
funny to the boy when it's like this. If he stays there
once it's dark outside he feels cramped, closed in.
Upstairs a few lights flick on, one by one,
marking someone's slow progress through the house,
but nothing else moves, not even the boy outside on the porch.

It's not the heat he minds, he's been running around all day in it
 with the other boys, running and laughing and arguing,
 running till his lungs were about to burst, but loving it,
 the giddy exertion, the sting of sweat at the corner of the eyes,
 his skin drenched with it. No,
 it's not the heat he minds, it's the stillness of the house,
 the way it stays stubbornly out of step with things. That
 and the cool breeze that seems to blow out of the willows at night,
 sliding past your face, making the dark seem alive.
 Looking at the lights the boy can tell his mother and father are
 upstairs, sitting with the grandmother, so they won't be out for awhile —
 this is his time, a time of mice and stray cats, and the big old owl
 who's out here again tonight, perched high in the willow branches.
 But even when they come down they won't feel it,
 the house is never foreign to them, it's theirs
 and the heat's an intruder, so when they come out on the porch
 they don't notice the difference, they bring the house with them.
 But the boy notices.
 Right now, on the porch, even with the outside light on,
 clouded with bugs, he can feel the darkness
 hemming him in, taking on that special quiet that settles over the place
 just before nightfall, and he feels small and naked.
 But after he's sat on the porch awhile he can pick out the noises
 that make up that quiet. It's so dark here, miles from the city.
 Without the smoke and dirt in the air, without the smell of
 buildings to hold it in, the light from streetlamps and houses
 doesn't penetrate, it just curls up near its source,
 not really entering the blackness. Here
 only the stars are bright, and then only because there are so many.
 And the owl, the owl that sits in the tree, not moving,
 eyes unlidged, he just keeps watching, in whatever light.
 From the porch the boy watches too,
 alert. Not recognizing the sound of the wind that springs up quickly
 and then is gone he wonders "What's that rustling? Mice in the grass?"
 But No, the owl doesn't move, it just waits, those pale
 yellow eyes never blinking. It's a look the boy knows, disconcerting,
 like the moon when it peers down at you when you're a bit lost,
 a ways from home. He doesn't like it. Sometimes, out walking,
 he's found owl pellets. He's amazed the owl's body can do that,
 separate the fur and bone so cleanly, let alone
 pack it into those pellets, so when he sees an owl
 he can't imagine that body, how it works, how it can belong
 to the same world as his. And he doesn't like the thought
 of those mice either, dying like that, it's too much like people
 he's heard about in books, after they've died, their bones and hair
 still there years after, ready to be dug up by anybody.
 He looks up to the second floor and sees his parents won't be out
 for awhile yet, the light's still on in the grandmother's room.
 It's a place he doesn't like much anymore. When he's told to,
 once a day, he goes there, but that's all.
 It's not fair to see her like that, not while he can still remember
 how she was before, the funny smelling dresses, presents.
 Now she's always drifting off, talking about
 money and dying and forgetting who he is and it makes him think of
 things eating other things, of those mice, because,
 except for that old skin, all loose and wrinkled, she's like that now,
 nothing but hair and bone. Maybe that's why he's a little afraid
 when he sees the owl. He's young. The owl is used to things'
 dying, but for him it's impossible. Things he doesn't know well
 die, but it's only a way of going off to a different place
 in his head and changing shape, he remembers them just the same.
 But the grandmother — she's still here and already changing shape,
 she doesn't remember the things he does and it's
 not right.

Suddenly he notices the house is darker than before

and when he looks up again he sees that it's because the light
in the grandmother's room is out. It's late now,
the moon is up, almost full tonight (tomorrow or the next day maybe),
but the little boy stays out on the porch, silent.
He wants to just sit on the steps awhile, that's all.
He waits and lets the breeze take him, not moving,
the owl has him rooted to the spot, though it's not even watching him.
It's the wrong sort of body, the boy's, the bones are too big
and at any rate, for some time now the shadows have arranged themselves
so there is no light on his face.

A MEDITATION

You open your mouth.
From the unholy quiet
a man descends. You follow him,
a pace removed, toward the exit.
In the alley there is food and wine
but god accosts him at the door.
He starts to laugh,
then turns accusingly
and offers you
a hand:
some skin below the shoulder.

You are lonely in this body, lonely.

You become a feast, a jest,
an unrequited forehead.
Only when he leaves
you notice that your heart,
which burns low periodically,
has slipped between the gratings of your ribs.

BRUCE MEYER

Bruce Meyer is the most prolific poet of the four represented here. His brain is teeming with images and the miracle is that he can and does get so many of them all the way to the printed page. Nothing, it seems, in terms of subject matter, intimidates him — and nothing exhausts his fund of images. In some writers, this inability to be intimidated might be a signal of mere facility. But I doubt this is true of Bruce Meyer. He chooses his subjects carefully and he deals with them with a fine sense of discipline. Meyer is adventurous — yes. But he carries maps and a compass — always the sign of a writer who knows the importance of assigning a destination to each piece of work.

—T.F.



A FANFARE FOR FAMOUS POETS

In that one rare spring
We counted among the flowers
The fewer voices of our craft.

They had become the waters
Ignored in passing
Beneath a bridge
Stoned by young boys
With ripples
Pushing outward
To our hearts.

Words mount in epideictic
Around the unjust pyre
Ascending as tears evaporate
With memories
With tributes
With a place in literature.

Young poets
Foresee their own deaths
And set words to paper.
The mourning begins:
And the sun
Rises to blind their eyes.

In a bright shadow —
That city street
That crosswalk
That silent country
They pass the days
Recording faces
The births of stars
The deaths of friends.

After those first words
There are no others.
The slow execution of image
The repetition of beginning
Drafting
And silence.

I saw him read to a brick wall
The tears of passion
Flow along his cheeks
Like metaphor.

Later he rode with us
Reciting from the back seat.
We left him at a cheap hotel
Fumbling for his pen.

For those
To whom death has given an ear
There are no eulogies.
Voices catch them in their sleep
Deny them the rest
They never took from life
The life
They never took from death.

So let us now
Praise the famous masters of our tongue.
They are no longer words
To fill our sky
Nor images blooming in our mouths.
They were a sudden winter snow
We left for time to melt
Until the fanfare of another spring
Counted them deathless
On our lips.

THE AIRPLANE

I know an anonymous hero
I saw him float ephemeral
As a spirit over water.

He moves like history
An echo in the distance
The sound that wakes animals
From their sleep.

Technology is never silent.
We give it song
An engine
A presence.
It extends us
Like a voice
Echoed through a killing land.

This time
We are the murderers.
We murder
Silence.

There is no reason in an airplane:
Men were not born to fly.
It is science
That suspends
The straining wings.

It is belief
That makes us fly them.

Now
Against a bluer deep
The fierce explosions
Within the plugs
And a killing wind
Across the foils
Measures the boundaries
Of our dreams.

It was only a glint of sunlight
The sound of its own name
Across the raw serenity.



Alumniana/By Joanne Strong

ENGINEERS 2T3 CAN'T LURE SPY FROM THE SUN

June's rites of passage are upon us — diplomas, farewell handshakes and that sentimental journey known as Spring Reunion. This year, the University is braced for the biggest turn-out ever June 6 and 7. For one thing, there are more alumni from 50, 60 and 70 years ago, like John D. Williams, UC 1T0 who in his 95th year is feeling fine and has written to say he is definitely coming. And there is unprecedented interest from classes not official honoured years but wanting to mark their 30th or 10th or what have you. About one in five honoured grads comes back for what is a predictably happy event. The weather is usually marvellous and after the first shock of recognition, classmates look, "just the same".

There are myriad class, college and faculty events in addition to the all-University ones, each with its own ambience. The Engineers return to their old stamping ground, the Royal York Hotel, for their Friday night dinner dance partly because they nearly burst the seams of the Great Hall of Hart House last year and partly because 5T0 with a graduating class of over 1,000 and 7T0 have asked to be included.

Phys Ed 5T5 will tour the new athletic complex and indulge in swimming, jogging, squash and tennis before repairing to Captain John's for drinks and dinner. With boundless enthusiasm Vic will begin the week-end on Wednesday with a cruise on the Trillium around Toronto harbour. Helen Patterson and Lois Wilson have planned the Vic 3T0 dinner Thursday night. Friday is Vic Day with all years greeted at 10 a.m. by President Goldwin French and Principal Gordon Keyes, walking tours and buffet lunch in the quad. Rather nicely, we think, Vic offers free accommodation in the residences to all 60-year returning grads.

Pharmacy will hold open house at the faculty from 1 to 4 p.m. on Saturday and that night the annual Golden T dinner, to be chaired this year by Marie Orecchio. Trinity runs its own show all day Saturday beginning at 10 a.m. with the St. Hilda's College alumnae meeting, reception and lunch and continuing

to five o'clock with a garden party in the quad, dinner at which the Provost presents golden spoons to the class of 3T0, and dancing on the terrace at 9 p.m. St. Mike's holds a reception for all alumni Saturday evening, followed by dinner in the Canada Room, Brennan Hall. Sunday, reunion mass will be celebrated in the college chapel at 11 followed by brunch.

UC will hold its reunion dinner Friday for all years at the Sir Daniel Wilson residence with speaker the Hon. John Roberts, UC 5T5, and class parties first. Also, a Sunday brunch at the Croft Chapter House. Saturday, Helen and Paul Phelan will host UC 4T0 for cocktails and supper at their Forest Hill home. In what is becoming a tradition, Susan Farrell will give a garden party for the Music grads of 3T0, 4T0 and 5T5. Forestry 5T5 will have a Friday evening party at the faculty; OT 4T0 will enjoy cocktails at the home of Catherine Skinner; Household Science alums will sponsor dinner Saturday for 50- and 60-year grads; Innis will have a 4 to 6 p.m. wine and cheese affair for all years at the college on Saturday, and Woods-worth will hold an all-years party Friday, organized by Dianne Haist and Margaret Toth. This is a far from complete list of special reunion

events, but you get the idea.

What creates class *esprit de corps* like Engineers 2T3 who have met eight times a year since graduation, 450 times in all. Over 60 percent were World War I veterans, so they had that in common. Then five years after graduation, the class created and administered a trust fund for a classmate who died leaving four young children. The event formed a foundation of class action and unity. 2T3 Engineers included the first two female graduates in the faculty, one of whom, Jean Hall, is among the 123 surviving alumni. They also boast the designer of Canada's first subway, the installer of the telephone system in Newfoundland, the constructor of airfields for the Commonwealth training program of 1939-40, the engineer on the last 300 miles of the Trans Canada Highway, a president of the Engineering Institute of Canada, four presidents of the Association of Professional Engineers of Ontario, professors at U of T and McGill, 20 who served in World War II and a secret service agent who does not come to meetings as he now lives in South America... an outstanding group of U of T alumni. As they say about wine, it was a very good year.



The University honoured posthumously another great faculty member — Donald Creighton, the man who wrote highschool texts, university texts and who taught Canadian history for 40 years at U of T. He held a passionate belief in the importance of Canada's past long before Canadian studies assumed popularity and once said, "for a person to live in a country, and to be ignorant of its history on almost every issue that comes up, means that he is really walking around in the dark all the time" — cliché now but not when he said it. For him, the University held "A Tribute to a Scholar" at Convocation Hall with addresses by President Ham and colleagues Professor J.M.S. Careless, Professor Ramsay Cook of York University and Professor Emeritus Robert Finch.

KEN BELL, ART ASSOCIATES LIMITED



Vice-President and Provost Donald A. Chant was this year's winner of the Alumni-Faculty Award. The outstanding faculty member of the year is a Canadian pioneer in the environmental field, the co-founder of Pollution Probe. Since 1975 he has been the senior academic officer at the University. Dr. Chant was the dinner speaker at the awards dinner, held at Hart House in April, at which the Moss Scholarship winners were also introduced. The prestigious \$5,000 alumni awards to the outstanding graduates in arts and science went this year to Brian O'Riordan of Toronto and Carolyn Kay of Whitby. The dinner was fun, one of the few occasions which display our outstanding faculty and students to the plaudits of students, faculty and alumni.

Presidents' Committee

Membership in the Presidents' Committee has risen to 225 for 1979, from just 151 in 1977, the initial year. Members of the committee are all those who donated \$1,000 or more, in the past year, to the University of Toronto. The third annual formal dinner for the members was held April 23 at Hart House.

The University would like to thank the members for their generosity.

Mr. Arthur P. Abel, Mr. Darrel Abel, Mr. Melvyn G. Angus, Mrs. H.E. Rose Anthony.

Mr. Ronald C. Bales, Mr. St. Clair Balfour, Mrs. St. Clair Balfour, Mr. Ralph M. Barford, Mrs. Helen Barron, Mr. Thomas J. Bata, Professor Claude T. Bissell, Professor V.W. Bladen, Mr. Richard C.S. Blue, Professor Ann Boddington, Mr. W.H. Broadhurst, Dr. Alan Bruce-Robertson, Mrs. H. Helen F. Bulna, Mr. and Mrs. C.F.W. Burns, Mrs. R. Burton.

Mr. J. Leo Cahill, Mr. J. Edwin Carter, Mr. Wallace Chalmers, Mr. William George Charlton, Q.C., Mr. Arthur J.E. Child, Mr. H. Spencer Clark, Hon. Mr. Justice F.T. Collins, Mr. Sydney C. Cooper, Mr. W.J. Corcoran, Mrs. Margaret A. Crang, Mr. Joseph P. Crothers, Mrs. Elaine Abel Curtis.

Miss Miranda Davies, Hon. Mr. Justice W.A. Donohue, Mrs. Margaretta Drake, Mrs. Agnes Dunbar, Professor Ostep Dykun.

Mr. R. Alan Eagleson, Q.C., Dr. J.R. Evans.

Mr. William A. Farlinger, Mr. Gordon Farquharson, Professor

William O. Fennell, Mr. Gordon N. Fisher, His Eminence George B. Cardinal Flahiff, Dr. Goldwin S. French.

Mr. George R. Gardiner, Mr. Alan Osler Gibbons, Mr. Wolfe David Goodman, Mr. D.L. Gordon, Mr. J. Peter Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Gordon, Mrs. Dorothy F. Graham, Mr. Neil Douglas Graham, Professor V.E. Graham, Mr. John W.F. Griffin.

Mrs. Meta Haladner, Dr. James M. Ham, Mr. C. Malim Harding, Dr. Helen Hardy, Professor and Mrs. F.K. Hare, Professor Robin S. Harris, Mr. William C. Harris, Mr. W.L. Hayhurst, Q.C., Mr. H.V. Hearst, Q.C., Mrs. Jean I. Hearst (deceased), Mr. Edwin H. Heeney, Mrs. Mary G. Heintzman, Mr. Sydney M. Hermant, Mr. A. Heyworth, Dr. John W. Hilborn, Dr. Irwin M. Hilliard, Professor Helen S. Hogg, Mrs. W.R.B. Humphries.

Mrs. Frances Ireland, Mr. R.A. Irwin, Mr. S.M. Irwin.

Mr. H.R. Jackman, Q.C. (deceased), Mr. Eugene E. Jacobs, Dr. William F. James, Mr. Norman Frederick Jewison, Professor W. McAllister Johnson.

Mr. R. James Kane, Mr. J.M. Keith, Rev. John M. Kelly, Mr. I.F.T. Kennedy, Mr. C. Mackenzie King, Miss Bonnie Kirsh, Mrs. Ann Edith Kirsh, Mr. Murray B. Koffler.

Professor D. Ian Lancashire, Mrs. Frances E. Lang, Mr. John E. Langdon, Mrs. Nell K. Lawson, Mr. W.J.D. Lewis, Dean J.F. Leyerle, Dr. Viola Lobodowsky, Miss Willie Ann Luckett (In memoriam).

Mr. A. Byron MacDonald, Mr. Alan Morar Macdonald, Hon. Donald Stovel Macdonald, N.M. Macdonald, Mr. James W. MacLaren, Professor L.W. Mac-

Pherson, Rev. John G. Maskey, Mrs. Audrey A. Massey, Mr. and Mrs. A.E.P. Matthews, Brig. F. Beverley Matthews, Q.C., Mrs. Madge McCormick, Mr. Hugh J. Middleton, Mr. Paul H. Mills, Q.C., Mr. Ralph Mills, Q.C., Mr. Ralph Misener, Mr. Eric H. Molson, Rev. Michael Xavier Mooney, Mr. G. Graham Morrow, Mr. John A. Mullin, Q.C., Mr. Daniel J. Murphy, Q.C., Mr. Harold J. Murphy, Q.C..

Mr. Gerald Nash, Q.C., Mr. Garry W. Nicholson, Dean Vidar Nordin.

Dr. M. Justin O'Brien, Mr. Edmond G. Odette, Mr. Louis L. Odette, Mr. Yoshihisa Okamatsu.

Mr. Kenneth W. Peacock, Mr. and Mrs W.M. Pearce, Dr. L. Bradley Pett, Mrs. Helen D. Phelan, Mr. Ronald A.J. Pigott.

Mr. B.H. Rieger, Mr. John H.C. Riley, Mr. John J. Robinette, Q.C., Mr. Edward S. Rogers, Dr. I.B. Rosen, Mr. Herbert W. Rugg, Mrs. Mary M. Rugg.

Dr. Roberto Santalo, Dr. E.A. Sellers, Mrs. E.A. Sellers, Rev. Lawrence K. Shook, Beverly and Wilson Southam, Mr. Alastair Stevenson, Dr. Grace Strachan, Mrs. A.K. Stuart, Rev. Peter J. Swan, Mr. John H. Switzer, Q.C., Mr. J.H. Sword.

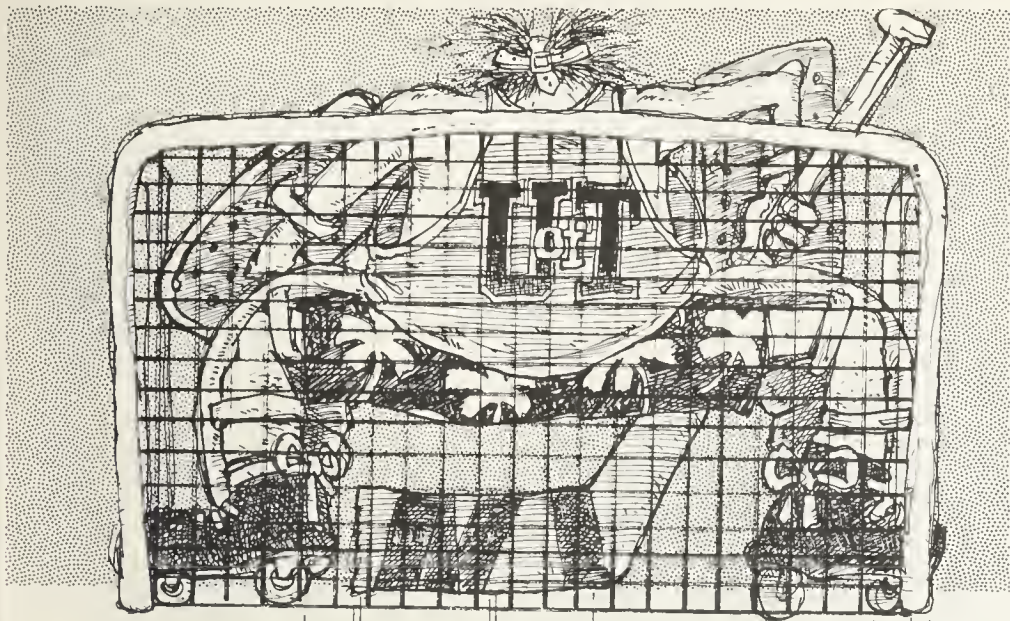
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Mrs. Nora E. Vaughan.

Miss Jean R. West, Mr. James W. Westaway, Mr. W.P. Wilder, Mr. Thomas Willcock, Mr. D.G. Willmot, Mrs. Rose Wolfe.

Mr. Jennings David Young.

And those donors who prefer to remain anonymous.



Over 20 years ago, a U of T alumni branch existed in Hong Kong but it sank without a trace. Then, this winter, Canadian High Commissioner W. Warden hosted a reception for Dr. Shiu Loon Kong, professor of education at U of T and a former dean of education at the University of Hong Kong. Some 60 U of T alumni were invited to meet Dr. Kong and the upshot is a new Hong Kong alumni association. William S.L. Yip, president of the Canadian University Association there and a U of T grad, will host the first event — a reception for President and Mrs. Ham in May when the Hams travel to the Orient with a group of educators. Our travelling President has visited branches in Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria, London and New York these past six months and Chancellor

Moore has been the guest of the Montreal and Washington alumni... but our favourite branch activity of the last year was the hockey tournament sponsored by John Riley, president of the Northern California branch. His good friend, Charles Schulz, creator of "Peanuts", lent the expatriates the Redwood Empire Arena which he owns and they all played away at hockey on, of all times, July 29. Is that when you miss Canada most and the California sun is kind of getting to you?

Flash. For the first time in six years Varsity Blues will play McGill in the fall football schedule. The game will be held the first Friday after Labour Day, Sept. 5 at 7 p.m. T-holders, fraternities and alumni associations — to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

Unclaimed diplomas

If one of the many unclaimed May/June 1978 diplomas at Student Record Services, 167 College St., is yours, why not pick it up or have it sent to you by registered mail?

In the first case, you will need identification; if you send someone, a signed letter of authorization will be required.

In the second case, write to: Diplomas, Student Record Services, University of Toronto, Toronto M5S 1A1. Enclose a cheque or money order for \$4.50 and provide all of the following information, typed or printed: graduation name; address; date of convocation; degree; faculty or school, college if applicable; student number. If your name has changed since graduation, please provide some proof of your former name.

All unclaimed May/June 1978 diplomas will be destroyed on July 1, 1980. A replacement fee, currently \$25, will be assessed after that date.



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the Idea File of Harold Adams Innis

Edited by William Christian

Some 1500 notes compiled by this internationally known economist and thinker during the last seven years of his life are arranged in chronological order to give a sense of the development of his ideas and concerns. Together they provide new testimony to Innis' extraordinary grasp of the ordering principles of human history. 'As you read them, you find yourself admitted inside a remarkable and restless imagination. This is intellectual eavesdropping on a high level.' Robert Fullford, *Saturday Night* \$20.00 cloth, \$7.50 paper

University of Toronto Press

The Committee of 1000 is in need of a new name. Since it is made up of \$100 donors, now has 2,331 members and is still growing, the name is inappropriate not to mention confusing. The Department of Private Funding welcomes suggestions from alumni with a penchant for that sort of thing.

Century Club has already been thought of, thank you very much... While we're on the subject of alumni support, the Varsity Fund results for last year show a 17 percent increase over 1978 with about 1,000 new donors. St. Mike's was the fund-raising champ, its alumni were the first ever to raise over \$200,000 in

a single year. Scarborough College and Management Studies showed the biggest percentage increases. As well, special appeals, in particular the SPS 2T9 Anniversary Fund which netted over \$30,000, showed a big increase. Alumni are beginning to realize that in these times, U of T must depend on private support for that essential margin of initiative... helping the U of T remain a great university.

ROBERT LANSDALE



Where are they now?

The University attempts to keep in touch with its alumni for a variety of reasons, for example, to ensure that they receive *The Graduate*. However, we have lost contact with many of them because we do not have their *current addresses*. If you know the whereabouts (address, city, country, anything) of any of those on the following list, could you please send the information to Alumni Records, 47 Willcocks St., University of Toronto, Toronto M5S 1A1, or telephone 978-2319. We certainly will appreciate your assistance.

Architecture

Samuel John Carter, BLA (71);
Gilles Delisle, BSc, MSP1 (70);
John Friesen, DTRP (61);
Wond W. Gebru, MArch, MSP1 (79);
Horace J. Hall, DTRP (63);
Thomas Lin Hong, MSP1 (75);
John A. Irwin, BLA (77);
Amerigo Marras, BArch (79);
Ibrahim S. Mosa, BArch (76);
Elizabeth Kim Storey, BArch (78);
Lois Ruth Woolf, BArch (70);

James Andrew Dobbin, BLA (70).

New College

Robert Hadwin Goldberg, BA (76).

Scarborough College

Robert C.J. McMonagle, BSc (79).

Trinity College

Derek K. Cheong, BCom (79).

University College

Rodrick G. Toms, BSc, DDS (71);
Arthur J. Lielkalns, BSc (76);
Gareth Wakefield Evans, BSc (71).

Education

Michael S. Hazell, BEd (79).

Physical & Health Education

John Leslie Peters, BPHE (73);
Stefan Tobolka, BPHE (79);
Raymond Zarembo, BPHE, BEd (77).

Engineering

Charles L. Curry, BASc (49);
Heikki Limion, BASc (65);
John Rigsby White, BASc, LLD (31);
Richard C. Madge, BASc (79).

Medicine

James Campbell Baldwin, MD (43).

The greatness, these days, is at risk. When the Ontario Council on University Affairs states that our university system is on the brink of disaster it is not presenting a partisan view. There are 20 members on the council who represent a cross-section of Ontarians, appointed by the government to act as its advisers. OCUA's analysis of the university system is gloomy, predicting a future of precipitous decline. Dr. William Winegard, chairman of OCUA, spoke this spring to the U of T Alumni Association and together with a quartet of university presidents to a joint alumni event in Hamilton, trying to get the message across that the government is seriously underfunding universities. At particular stake is research and the library system.

The T-Holders Association which has long wished to establish an athlete-of-the-year award at U of T has finally gained the approval of the athletic council. It must have no hint of athletic scholarship about it, you see. The award will go to the outstanding male T-holder enrolled at the University, nominations to be from the coaches and the winner to be chosen by the T-holders' committee. The award will consist of an engraved plaque and a cash award of not less than \$200. They are currently raising the money among themselves (roughly one percent of alumni hold a T) to ensure the award over the long term.

Some books recycle better than others. This was the lesson from the first U.C. book sale last fall when cookbooks, travel books and detective stories disappeared like magic and old science texts and last year's best sellers lingered on the sales tables. Nevertheless, more than \$3,000 was raised for the Alexander lecture series. U.C. will do it again, November 6 and 7. Book donations for the sale are welcomed at the alumni office in the college or left at the Union. If necessary, a book pick-up may be arranged by calling Janet Fitzgerald at 978-8746.

VARSITY HAD EARLIER 'FIRST' WOMAN EDITOR

Regarding your mention of the first woman editor of *The Varsity* that appeared in the "Letters" section of your Nov./Dec. 1979 issue:

I do not wish to detract from Miss Mosbaugh's achievements or argue with Mrs. McClenahan, but I believe research would show that the first woman to edit *The Varsity* was in fact Bea Dobie, St. Michael's College, class of (I think) 1944. She held that post during the academic year of 1943-44.

I say this with a certain amount of conviction in my voice because I had been elected editor-in-chief for that period. However, as often happened in those days, I suddenly found myself in the United States Army in June 1943, and had to resign since the job was not considered essential to the war effort.

It is my impression that Bea, who was to have been women's news editor (this was before women's lib), ran the paper that year. And since I had not had time to do anything except stammer a poorly worded acceptance speech at the *Varsity* banquet, she had to do all the planning, organizing and leading for the entire year.

Bea was and is a very capable newsperson. After school, she worked for a number of years on the staff of the original *Life* magazine, including time in an overseas bureau. When I last heard, a few years ago, she had a respected executive position with Time-Life Books.

I agree with Elinor Loucks that the U of T "had a School of Journalism whether it knew it or not". Perhaps it was because of the war, but in the early '40s we were not pushing causes or dreaming up pranks. Those of us who worked on *The Varsity* did our very best to put out a professional newspaper. We worked hard at it — and had a lot of fun doing it. And a great many of the people I had the

pleasure of working with went on to careers in what now is called the field of mass communications.

Francis J. "Doc" Savage
Tarrytown, N.Y.

I read with great interest the article about President Ham in *The Graduate*, March/April. Pamela Cornell's fine writing and the photographs achieved a clear portrayal of Dr. Ham as both a person and a leader. These facets are important in our relations with alumni and I applaud the essence of the article.

Unfortunately, the alumni, students, and staff of the Erindale campus will not be left with a very reassuring impression. To refer to the Erindale campus on page 11 as a possible mistake in planning and leave it at that does not help our image as a vital part of the University. It would have been more helpful to mention, for instance, that this year we experienced our largest enrolment ever and that we are located in the middle of one of Canada's fastest-growing communities.

Paul W. Fox
Principal
Erindale College

Since January the Young Alumni Club has grown from a dozen to more than 100 and we have held ice skating and squash nights as well as three pubs. We see pub nights as the social nucleus of the YAC and hope more of you will join us. Our next scheduled pub is on May 9 at the Trinity Buttery. Profits will help establish a scholarship fund. Our summer schedule will be available and will include events at Hart House, softball games and other summer activities.

Pubs are the nucleus of our club, our base is the Alumni Association and our roots extend into the college associations. For recent graduates we are attempting to be an active social club, more responsive to their needs than either parent or supporting alumni associations. We'll be

bringing together graduates from different colleges and universities.

It is in this spirit that the YAC was formed. Our membership will include graduates, graduate students and fourth year students. As *alma mater* suggests, the university has been the nourishing of us. We feel that this environment can still be made available to the graduate.

George Byrnes
President
Young Alumni Club

Enclosed is my cheque for my voluntary subscription to *The Graduate* which I always look forward to receiving. I particularly find the articles on current problems and on the history of the U of T interesting and rewarding reading.

Apropos the recent article on the U of T Press (Jan./Feb.), I suggest that *The Graduate* carry lists, possibly with brief descriptions, of the Press's publications which are currently in print and available from the Press. After all, not all of us read *Maclean's*. It goes without saying that the U of T's graduates are "educated people". Perhaps if enough of us also have esoteric interests, we may constitute a significant market for the Press's publications other than just Erasmus in English. That potential market might even provide the financial safety margin by which the Press avoids bankruptcy.

Jay H. Quartz
Los Angeles

I was quite interested in your editorial in the Jan./Feb. issue since I am a Canadian citizen and received by BSc from the U of T in 1973. However, I am now working in the U.S. because my specialty, graphics algorithms in computer science, while in great demand in the U.S., I think is considered rather arcane in Canada.

When I got my PhD from Harvard in 1978, various industrial and academic employers in the U.S. paid to fly me across the country. In contrast, in Canada I was unable to find any permanent jobs including at

Letters may be edited to fit available space and should be addressed:
Graduate Letters, Department of
Information Services, University of
Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1.

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the National Research Council, U of T, UBC or Simon Fraser (the logical choices). Canada Manpower, as I expected, was no help. Manpower found one job that I could have done before I graduated from high school. No one even invited me for an interview. There were no relevant ads in any of the leading papers. In contrast, in the U.S. employment offered ads are frequently for computer related jobs. So now I will probably not return to Canada.

William Randolph Franklin
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Troy, N.Y.

The Careless article alone was worth several years' subscriptions. Excellent magazine.

Norman Altstedter
New York, N.Y.

I would like to offer the following comments in reply to the letter from Tibor P. Gregor, executive director of the Canadian Soft Drink Association, in the March/April issue of *The Graduate*.

Mr. Gregor said in that letter that an expert is one who "sticks to facts and is not guided by such incidental events as 'the year of the child'." The fact is that according to 1974 statistics from the U.S. Consumer

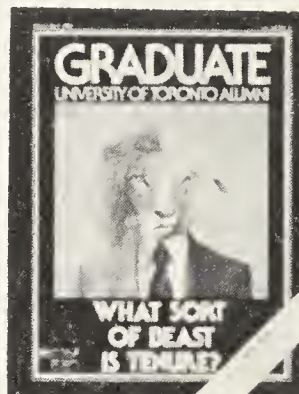
Product Safety Commission, 35 percent of the 30,000 annual injuries in the U.S. associated with carbonated soft drink containers involved children under ten years of age. If teenagers were also taken into account, this figure almost doubled.

Mr. Gregor stated that the Canadian soft drink industry markets "a safe product which has an enviable safety record". As no accident statistics are normally available for Canada, I do not know what Mr. Gregor used as a basis for this opinion. Certainly not the 15 incidents which occurred in May 1979, and which resulted in eight personal injuries due to flying glass fragments from exploding soft drink bottles. These incidents were reported directly to the Consumer and Corporate Affairs Department of the federal government.

Mr. Gregor stated that my "less than rational handling of the problem has cast a shadow of doubt on the safety of all glass containers and glass vessels". I would like to point out that my tests have involved only carbonated beverage bottles. He goes on to say, "It is unfortunate that in this day and age there should still be such a gap between the academic and real world approach to problem solution". Mr. Gregor is well aware that he and his association were the first people to see my report on the tip testing of 1.5 litre bottles, and even when they had, in two days, confirmed my findings, decided to take no positive action to find a solution to the problem. He can be excused for not knowing that I have been continuing my research in an effort to find what bottle parameters affect tip test failure. I suggest that the responsibility for "the gap between the academic and real world approach to problem solution" does not lie at this end.

In the ideal world, industry should be trusted to adhere to the best possible safety standards available; however, this does not seem to be the situation in the soft drink industry. For instance, in the U.S., the Consumer Product Safety Commission decided in mid-1979 to reassess the voluntary standards agreed to by the U.S. soft drink industry in 1975. The stated reason was a continuing annual injury rate of 30,000. This review is now in progress.

Mr. Gregor stated in an open letter to the then Prime Minister, Joe Clark, (*Globe and Mail*, Dec. 8, 1979) that "without an interim solution to help them cut their losses, bottlers will be unwilling to take the risk of developing a Canadian plastic coating technology that would make bottles break proof". In fact such a



THANK YOU!

to the many readers who responded to our invitation to become voluntary subscribers to *The Graduate*. To those who intended and forgot, the invitation is still open. Send \$10 to The Graduate, Department of Information Services, University of Toronto, Toronto M5SA 1A1 and mark it voluntary subscription.

recyclable plastic coated glass bottle produced in Canada existed and Mr. Gregor saw a demonstration test involving a one-metre drop onto concrete, with no resulting flying glass, prior to Dec. 8, 1979.

I admit that I am biased. However, my bias is founded in fact and is prompted by a concern for safety.

David Barham
Department of Chemical
Engineering and Applied
Chemistry

I would like to congratulate you and all the members of your staff for the fine work which is being done on *The Graduate*. I am an alumna of both McGill and Dalhousie universities, and I am truly jealous of those graduates from the U of T who receive your magazine. The writing, lay-out, and editing are exceptional and from the issues which I have seen you have managed to keep an even balance between light and serious articles which must be the envy of many publishers.

I wish you continued success.

Catherine A. Waite
Dictionary of Canadian
Biography

There was an item in the Nov./Dec. 1979 issue of *The Graduate* which stirred my interest on first reading to the extent that I have been unable to dismiss it completely from my mind since. This was the letter to the editor from J.T. Duprat of St. Hyacinthe proposing an article on Samuel Beatty.

I graduated from honour maths and physics in 1938 — and if it had not been for Sam Beatty's help and understanding during the earlier part of my four years, I am sure I would not have graduated. The detail of the why and the how is too long for this context. The key point is that Dr. Beatty arranged for me to work at my "homework" at a back desk in his office every Thursday from three to six while he carried on his paper work at his desk but allowed (even encouraged) me to interrupt him when I needed help.

I didn't see Dr. Beatty for about 35 years after I graduated but did meet him in the early 1970s when he must have been well into his 80s. I introduced myself and in a flash he had recalled me and details of my background that I had almost forgotten myself.

I support J.T. Duprat's idea. Dr. Beatty was both a great man and a great person!

Frank Kinlin
Toronto

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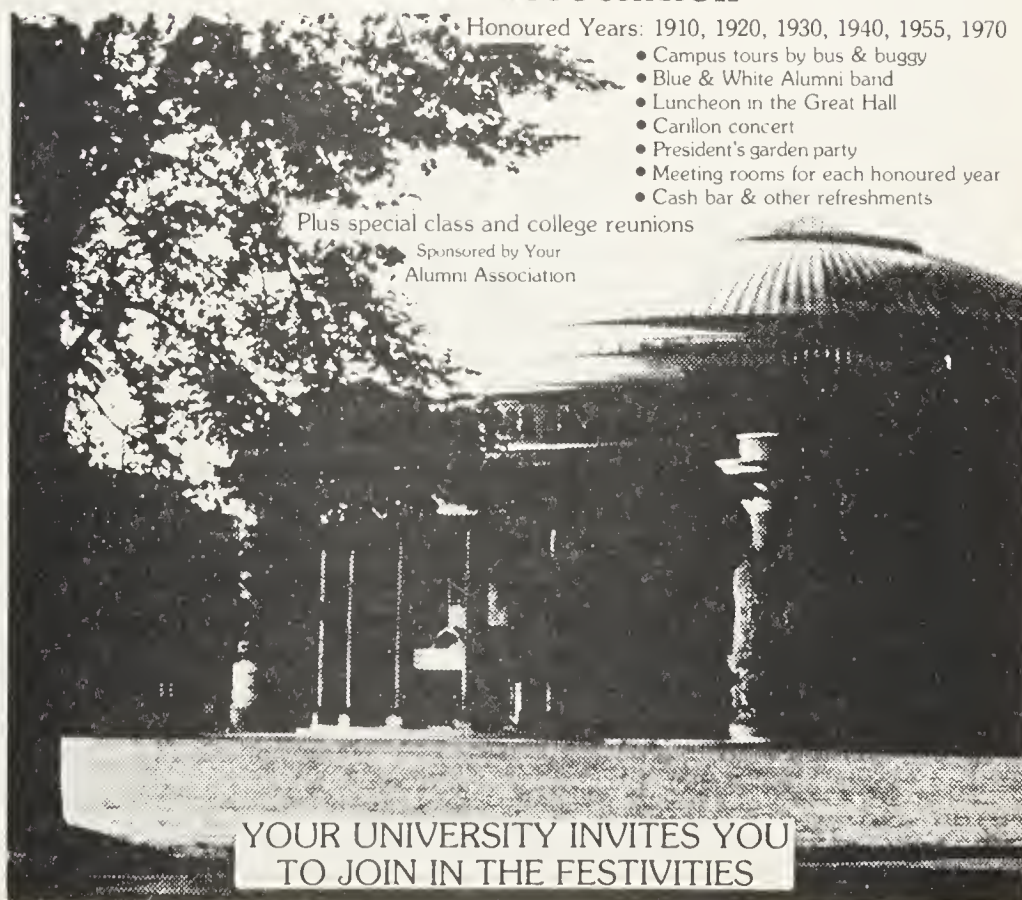
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CONFERENCES

International Association on Water Pollution Research.

June 23 to 27.

10th biennial conference of the association, to be held at the Sheraton Centre Hotel, downtown Toronto, will feature papers by internationally renowned scientists on virtually all aspects of water pollution research. There will also be an exhibition of pollution equipment and processes. *Information: Prof. P.H. Jones, Institute for Environmental Studies; 978-3486.*

ICTAM TORONTO.

Aug. 17 to 23.

XVth International Congress of Theoretical and Applied Mechanics will be held on the St. George campus; organized by the National Research Council, the Canadian Society for Mechanical Engineering and U of T and held under the auspices of the International Union of Theoretical and Applied Mechanics. Registration fee, which includes lunch and refreshments on each day of the congress, \$125. *Information: Prof. F.P.J. Rimrott, Department of Mechanical Engineering; 978-3053.*

COURSES & WORKSHOPS

Royal Conservatory of Music Summer School.

June 6 to Aug. 8.

Program includes master classes, seminars, lecture/demonstrations, theory classes, series of courses on early music education, drama classes for children, an opera workshop and a special teachers' week.

Master classes will be given for voice, oboe, flute, clarinet and piano; courses in harpsichord, organ, double bass pedagogy, guitar duo, percussion, accompanying and a seminar on the evolution of the horn.

July 2 to Aug. 8.

Theory, all subjects, leading to examinations. Grades II-V.

July 14 to 18.

Body and Soul; Michael Colgrass will give his program of body/mind training.

July 21 to 25.

Piano Music of Michael Tippett; Antonin Kubalek will give evening

The details given were those available at the time of going to press. However, in case of changes in programs, readers are advised to check with the information telephone numbers given in the listings. If you wish to write, mail should be addressed to the department concerned, University of Toronto, Toronto M5S 1A1 unless otherwise indicated.

series of lecture/demonstrations. Details on all courses are contained in the Summer School Book, available from the Conservatory.

Information: Summer School, Royal Conservatory of Music; 978-3756.

Early Music Workshop.

June 25 to July 11.

Classes and ensembles on technique and styles in performance of mediaeval and renaissance music. Workshop at Scarborough College, co-sponsored by Scarborough and Royal Conservatory of Music.

Information: Summer School, Royal Conservatory of Music, 978-3756; or Scarborough College, 284-3127.

Stratford Summer Seminars.

Aug. 11 to 16.

Aug. 18 to 23.

Aug. 25 to 30.

Five-day program includes at least five festival plays, seminars with members of the Festival Theatre company and staff and academic colloquia with visiting Shakespearean scholars. Program Aug. 18 to 23 will be especially for students and teachers of drama and theatre arts.

Information: Stratford Summer Seminars, Scarborough College, West Hill, M1C 1A4; 284-3185 or 284-3150.

School of Continuing Studies.

The school offers evening courses, week-end workshops, seminars and symposia in administration, education, engineering and liberal studies. Complete 1980-81 program details will be found in the fall calendar, available in August.

Information: School of Continuing Studies, 158 St. George St., Toronto M5S 2V8; 978-2400.

CONCERTS

Seventh Annual Donald McMurich Memorial Scholarship Fund Concert.

Sunday, June 1.

Timothy Dawson, double bass, former recipient of this scholarship which was established to assist a promising double bass student at either the Royal Conservatory of Music or the Faculty of Music. Donations may be made to the University of Toronto, receipts will be forwarded for income tax purposes.

Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 3 p.m.

Information, 978-3744.

Summer School Concerts.

Tuesdays, June 10 to Aug. 5.

Wednesdays, June 11 to Aug. 6.

Series of concerts in conjunction with the summer school of the Royal Conservatory of Music will be presented in co-operation with the CBC. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building; Tuesdays at 5.15 p.m., Wednesdays at 8.15 p.m. Please note there will be no concert on Tuesday, July 1.

Information: Special Services, Royal Conservatory of Music; 978-3771.

Jazz Workshop.

Friday, June 27.

Final concert by participants in jazz workshop being held at Faculty of Music June 23-27.

Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building.

Information, 978-3744.

National Youth Orchestra.

Friday, Aug. 29.

Final concert of the 1980 National Youth Orchestra.

MacMillan Theatre, Edward Johnson Building. 7.30 p.m.

The orchestra will be working at the Edward Johnson Building in July and at Queen's in August.

Information Toronto: National Youth Orchestra Association, 76 Charles St. W., M5S 1K8; (416) 922-9711.

Information Kingston: Performing Arts Office, Queen's University; (613) 547-5786.

Thursday Afternoon Series.

Thursday, Sept. 18.

First program in 1980-81 series will be voice concert by winner of S.C.

Eckhardt-Grammatté competition.
Walter Hall, Edward Johnson
Building. 2.10 p.m.
Information: Faculty of Music,
978-3744.

SPORTS

Summer Recreational Programs.

Varied summer programs for adults and children, including instructional classes, are offered on all three campuses. Details are available from Erindale and Scarborough Colleges and Department of Athletics and Recreation on the St. George campus. Early registration is recommended.

Information: Erindale College,
828-5268; *Scarborough College,*
284-3393; *St. George,* 978-3437.

Football.

Friday, Sept. 5

Blues vs McGill. 7 p.m.

Friday, Sept. 19.

Blues vs McMaster. 7 p.m.

Friday, Oct. 3.

Blues vs Windsor. 7 p.m.

All games in Varsity Stadium.

Information and ticket prices,
978-4112.

MISCELLANY

Campus Tours.

Monday, June 2 to Friday, Aug. 29.

Walking tours of the St. George campus will be given week-days during June, July and August (except holidays) at 10.30 a.m., 12.30 and 2.30 p.m. from the Map Room, Hart House. Special tours are available for groups, please make arrangements in advance.

Information: Department of Information Services, 978-2103; *after June 2,*
Campus Tours, 978-5000.

Trillium Cruise.

Wednesday, June 4.

Lake Ontario cruise on paddle-wheeler sponsored by Alumni of Victoria College.

Information, 978-3813.

Spring Convocations.

Friday, June 6.

Pharmacy, Nursing, Dentistry.
2.30 p.m.

Monday and Tuesday, June 9 and 10.

Graduate degrees. 2.30 p.m.

Wednesday, June 11.

Engineering, Forestry. 2.30 p.m.

Thursday, June 12.

Scarborough College. 10.30 a.m.

Medicine, Physical and Health
Education. 2.30 p.m.

Friday, June 13.

Music, Education A-L, diplomas in
child study and technical education.
10.30 a.m.

Architecture, Landscape Architecture,
Education M-Z. 2.30 p.m.

Monday, June 16.

New College, Woodsworth College,
Food Sciences. 2.30 p.m.

Tuesday, June 17.

University College, Trinity College.
2.30 p.m.

Wednesday, June 18.

Erindale College. 10.30 a.m.

Victoria College, Bachelor of
Commerce (excluding students who
have opted to graduate with their
college group rather than the B.Com.
group and students from Erindale
College) 2.30 p.m.

Friday, June 20.

St. Michael's College, Innis College,
Law. 2.30 p.m.

All Spring Convocations will be held
in Convocation Hall.

Information, 978-2193.

Spring Reunion.

Saturday, June 7.

Honoured years: 1910, 1920, 1930,
1940, 1955 and 1970.

Information: Department of Alumni
Affairs, 978-2366.

Nursing Class of 1975.

Saturday and Sunday, June 7 and 8.

Faculty of Nursing, class of 1975, will
hold five-year reunion. All interested
in attending please write to the
Reunion Committee, c/o 1482
Avenue Road, Apt. 4, Toronto
M5N 2J1.

Artfest '80.

Saturday and Sunday, June 14 and 15.

Annual exhibition and sale of arts and
crafts at Erindale College will feature
oil paintings, water-colours, weaving,
pottery, ceramics, sculpture, wood

and metal crafts. Continuous enter-
tainment and free babysitting.

On the campus at Erindale from
10 a.m. to 6 p.m. each day. Co-
sponsored by Erindale College, Port
Credit Rotary Club and the City of
Mississauga; all proceeds to Erindale
scholarship fund and Treatment
Centre for Handicapped Children.
Admission \$2, students and senior
citizens \$1, children 50 cents,
maximum per family \$5.
Information: 828-5214.

Hart House.

Clubs and committees are offering an
assortment of programs during the
summer.

Food services:

Great Hall, regular luncheon service
to Aug. 15, no dinner service.

Arbor Room, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.,

Monday to Friday to Aug. 29.

Gallery Club, regular luncheon to
Aug. 15, dinner service Monday to
Thursday to June 19.

Tuck Shop, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday
to Friday to July 25, service resumes
Aug. 26.

Summer pubs, 6 to 11.30 p.m.,
Tuesdays and Thursdays from June
24; Graduate Committee special
games evening on Thursdays.

Information: 978-2446 during business
hours; hall porter, 978-2452, in the
evenings.

Innis College.

To end August.

Innis Pub summer hours, 7 a.m. to
3.30 p.m., food service to 2.30 p.m.

Information, 978-4808.

Larissa Ramsky is
seen guiding a
group from last
summer's campus
tours. Again this
year, free walking
tours will be given
on week-days,
June through
August. For
Canada Week,
tours on June 25,
26 and 27 will
emphasize the
history of the
colleges.



HUGH MACKENZIE

THE GRADUATE TEST NO.6

The winner of The Graduate Test No. 4, which appeared in the January/February issue, was David Josephy of Vancouver and a copy of *Karsh Portraits* has been sent to him. Under the arrangement to give distant readers time to get solutions to us, we held the draw on March 12 from 380 entries postmarked on or before February 29.

Here is Test No. 6. The winner's name will be drawn on July 16 from entries postmarked on or before June 30. We will be able to announce the winner in the September/October issue along with the winner of Test No. 5. After that there will, however, be a delay of one issue in the announcement of winners.

The University of Toronto Press has generously provided a pair of books about early Ontario and its buildings for the winner of Test No. 6. These are *Homesteads: Early*

Buildings and Families from Kingston to Toronto by Margaret McBurney and Mary Byers, and *Rural Routes*, pre-confederation buildings and settlements in the area from Toronto's outskirts north to Lake Simcoe, by Mary Byers, Jan Kennedy and Margaret McBurney. Address entries to: The Graduate Test, Department of Information Services, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1. And please don't forget to include your name and address.

ACROSS

1. Arouse an insane retreat (6)
4. Drew back though we had about incorporated (6)
9. Wealth obtained from the fabric he sells (6)
10. Submissive, so it is fit (8)
12. The oldest one becomes something attractive (9)

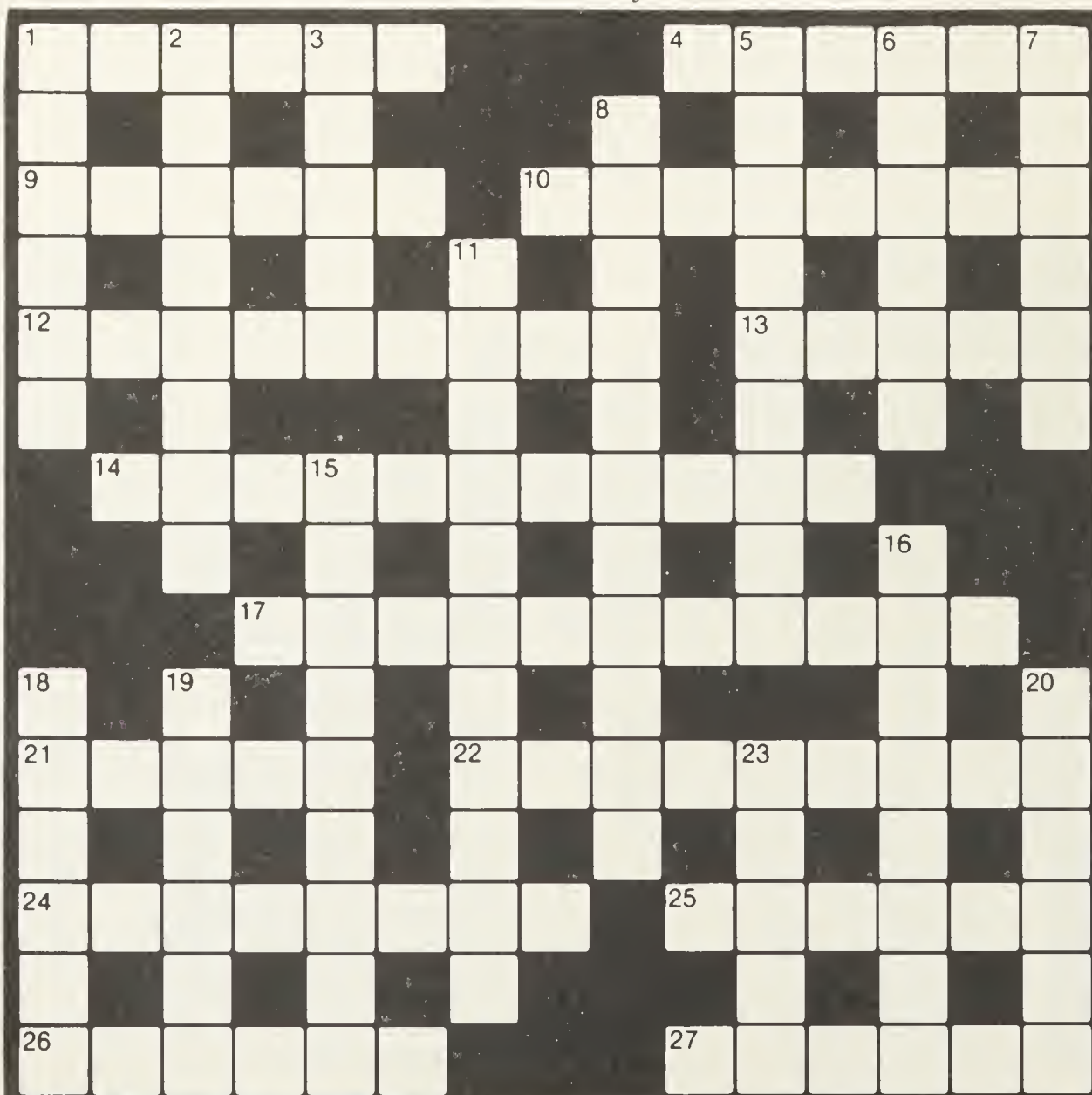
13. Decanonized cattle thief is one that goes straight (5)
14. Where archaeologists may be found before the country shows resentment (11)
17. Transform aborigine out of choice (11)
21. Religion is escape (5)
22. Imagination at liberty when not in love (5-4)
24. Upright type has spasm of sentimentality (8)
25. First class sailor returns to get a fair share (6)
26. Unusual desire to live (6)
27. Checks the growth of unusual tricks (6)

DOWN

1. They cover the walls with a thousand mountains (6)
2. Find our era indecent and in decline (8)
3. Levels the odds? On the contrary (5)
5. Intimate tavern has more turmoil on the street (9)
6. Pistol containing a degree of metal (6)
7. Dismal head of corn in dry environment (6)
8. Inappropriate reconstruction of prime intent (11)
11. Contrary to iron it is forged (11)
15. We hear you set explosives after evil was enlightened (9)
16. Dislike to rise, swimming in Stratford river (8)
18. Mirthful juror disheartened by cause of reflection (6)
19. Get oneself up having consumed a morning of intense passions (6)
20. Human ones go on wild binges (6)
23. Still held as cause of ferment (5)

Solution to The Graduate Test No. 5

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| B | W | P | A | | T | H | E | W | A | Y |
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| N | I | | P | S | I | | N | I | C | E |
| T | R | E | C | E | S | S | I | V | E | H |
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| E | S | P | A | | D | E | L | D | E | R |
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| O | S | | C | H | O | K | E | | T | I |
| S | U | B | T | L | E | | I | L | D | A |
| S | A | | P | A | R | L | I | A | M | E |
| L | E | A | R | N | T | | L | P | S | A |



Lucy presents "Two Birds of Baffin"



F

World renowned Eskimo artist, Lucy, photographed with her latest work at Cape Dorset, Northwest Territories, is one of seven famous Canadian artists whose work is now available in a special edition for only \$19.95.

An exclusive arrangement between the West Baffin Eskimo Cooperative and the Mintmark Press enables you for the first time to have the work of a famous Eskimo artist at a popular price.

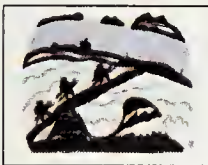
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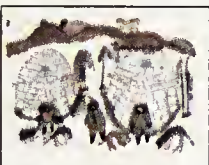
A Kenojuak



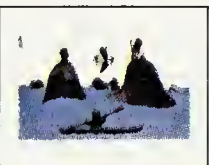
B Pudlo



C Kananginak



D Pitseolak



E Pitseolak



G Jamasie



H Eegyvudluk



This mark, which appears on each print along with the stonecutter's "chop" mark and the artist's own symbol, is the official emblem of the West Baffin Eskimo Cooperative, Cape Dorset, Northwest Territories.

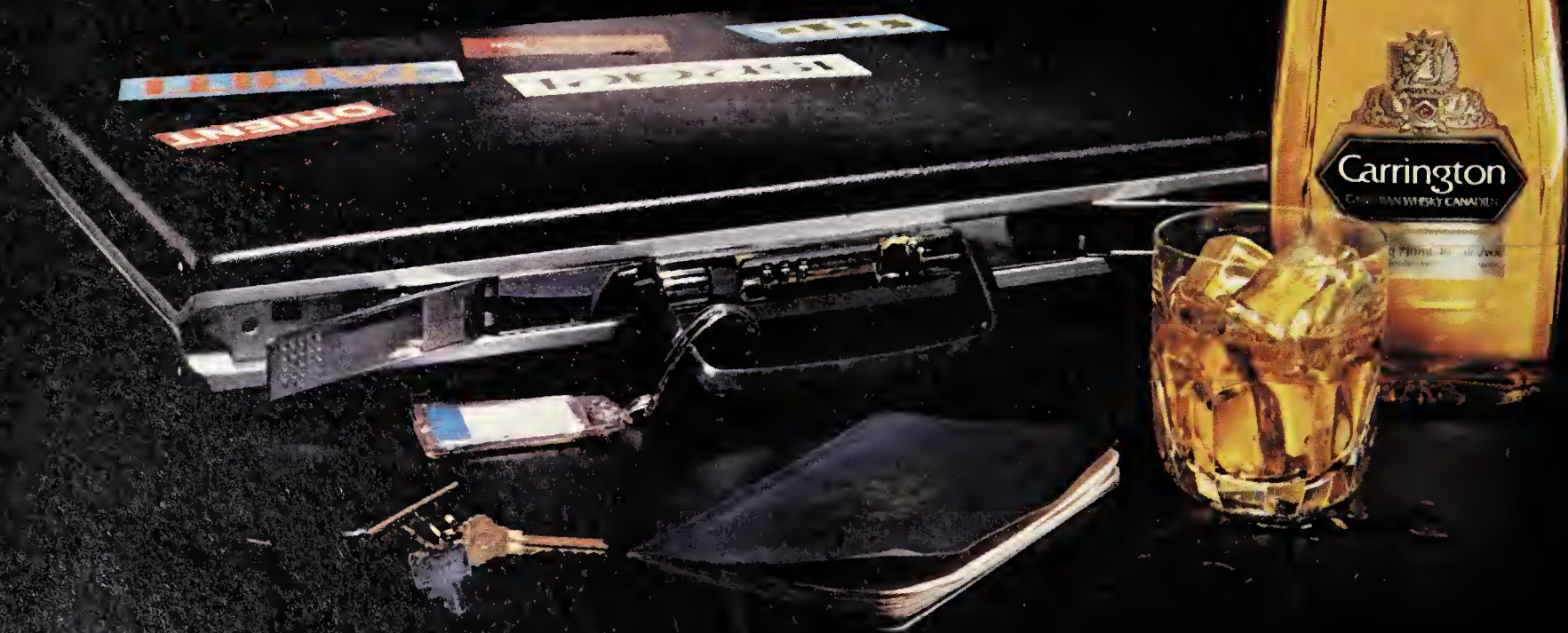
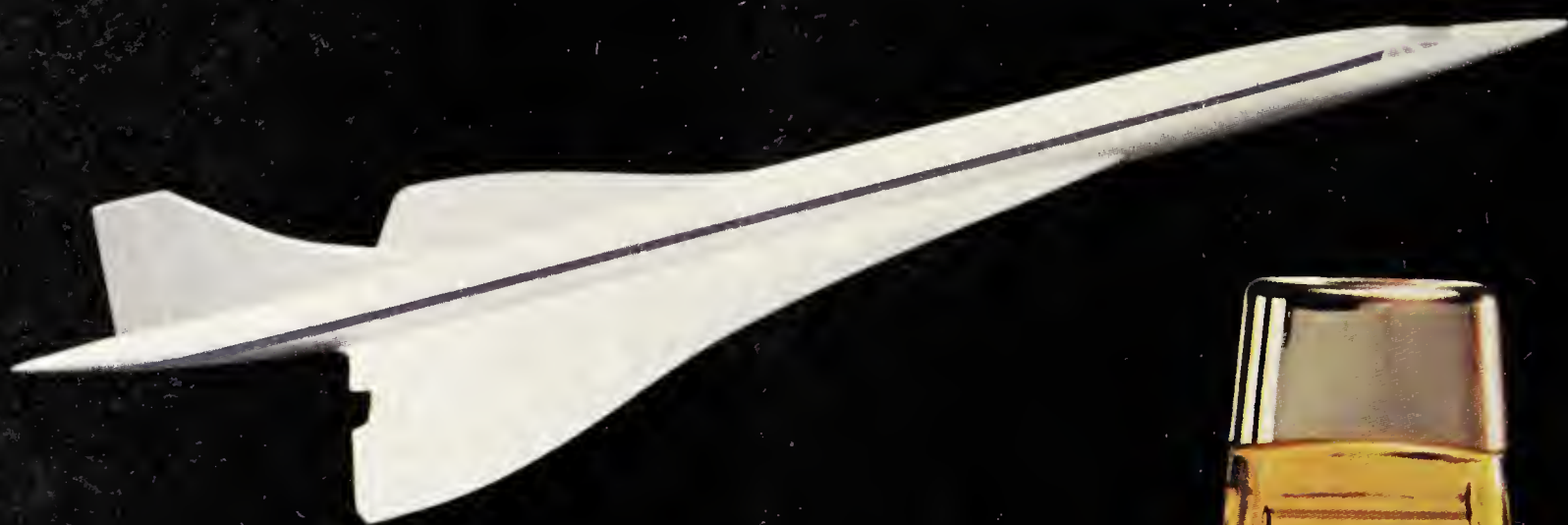


This is the seal of Mintmark Press, a Canadian firm specializing in the high-quality reproduction of fine art. Mintmark Press has exclusive rights to reproduce specially-commissioned prints by members of the West Baffin Eskimo Cooperative.

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